

The Spiritual
Conquest
of the
Southwest

DAWSON

CHADON SIMS

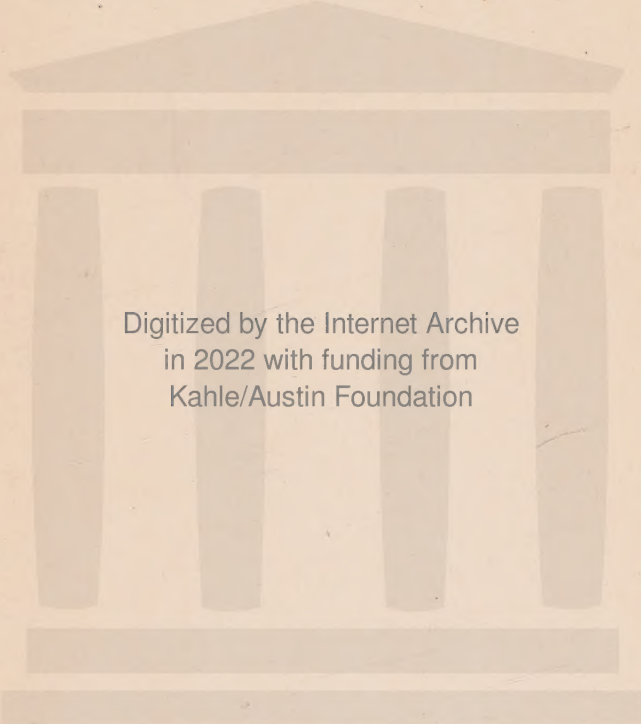
To

Dr. C. D. Johnson,
my cherished friend,
whose consecrated service
in one of the most
honorable of callings has
filled me with admiration,
From

The Author
Waco, Texas
January 1928

Brought to me by Miss Alice Dawson,
eldest daughter of the author, on the
morning of January 20, 1928

C. D. J.)



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THE SPIRITUAL CONQUEST OF THE
SOUTHWEST

The Spiritual Conquest of the Southwest

By

J. M. DAWSON, D.D.,

Pastor First Baptist Church, Waco, Texas



NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD
OF THE
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

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TO

BARON DEKALB GRAY,

LEARNED IN SOUTHWESTERN LORE,
ELOQUENT IN THE SPEECH OF GRACE,
EFFICIENT IN THE TASK OF ADMINISTRATION,
BROAD IN THE VISION OF THE KINGDOM,
A BROTHER BELOVED,
THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR



A. J. BUSH, D.D.

Editor, Pastor, State Missions Secretary and Founder of Orphanage for the Disciples in the Southwest.

Page Six

FOREWORD

The story of the Christianization of the Southwest has never been told, save as the pen of the pioneer preacher and missionary wrote it into diaries, journals, occasional letters to newspapers and the records of the churches and mission boards, or as some one has tried to trace the history of a single denomination. To us of this present day the complete story, even of so short a time as fifty years ago, is largely lost, for few of us have access to the files of the many religious papers that have at different times flourished in our Southland, or the records of district associations, of state conventions, and of home mission boards; fewer still the time to pore over them, and read in their yellowed pages the romance written there in the terse reports of the brave men who preached the gospel in the wilderness. For those pioneer missionaries did much, but wrote little. Their lives were lived under conditions that lent small encouragement to voluminous writing, and often the most epoch-making events received but cursory notice at the time they occurred. In fact, they scarcely thought of the story they were making, and many a deed has had to await the perspective of time for its significance to be fully known.

This has been true especially of that section of the South known once as the Spanish Territory. With a background far different from that of any other part of the South, save only that of Florida, with a history colorful with the romance and adventure of the Conquistadores, brilliant with the vision of a Stephen Austin, carving an empire for his country out of an untrodden wilderness, and shot through with the zeal of a Morrell claiming that same wilderness for his God,—surely the story is an epic in missionary adventure. So accustomed are we to think of Texas as a mighty Christian commonwealth, with her great leaders, her hosts of churches, and her many religious institutions, that we forget the way it all has come about, forget the men and women who went into this great empire bearing civilization in their hearts and symbols of it in their covered wagons; forget the preacher riding ceaselessly through pathless forest and trackless prairie to carry Christianity, the power of civilization, to the farthest frontier.

This is the story we have here. Dr. J. M. Dawson, born in this Spanish Southwest, endowed with a love for it and its history, and gifted with the ability to transcribe to paper the glow and thrill of that history, has told us something we have never heard before. True, some of us, or our fathers, have been in the making of this story, but even then we have known it but fragmentarily, without seeing the full sweep of the adventure that missions in the Southwest have been. Dr. Dawson has been most fortunately situated to prepare for this task, in that he was for many years editor of the *Baptist Standard*, is a frequent and

valued contributor to many magazines and periodicals, and has for more than a dozen years been pastor of First Baptist Church at Waco, where he has had access to the treasure of pioneer records in the library of Baylor University. So he is pre-eminently qualified to tell us the story.

And he has told it. In these pages there live again the romance and pathos, courage and heroism of the missionary enterprise. It is the story of both East and West, for from the East,—from Virginia and the Carolinas, from Georgia and Kentucky, and all the states,—came the men and women who wrought the story written in these pages. From the East came also the money, gifts of sacrifice in that early time, which sent the missionaries of the Home Mission Boards to their task in the West—a task supremely well done, as witness the evidences today. For example, across half a continent of space and a century of time, Baptists of this Southwest clasp hands with the heroic Baptists of Virginia in a fellowship of sacrifice and suffering, even of death, in their fight for religious liberty. This is the story told.

Through these pages we see a prophecy of the future, for the vast resources of this Southwest are but barely tapped. The empire that it is is but the promise of the empire that it is to be. New Mexico, where still the pioneer may trek across vast territory yet unclaimed for his God, calls insistently for men and women of heroic soul. So from these pages we may look out toward the history-making opportunities of the present and pray for men and women of the mold of those of yesterday.

On behalf of all readers of the literature of heroic action and adventure, I want to thank Dr. Dawson for giving us this story and commend it to all who have in their hearts love of high-souled service to humanity.

UNA ROBERTS LAWRENCE.

Mission Study Editor,
Home Mission Board, S. B. C.,
Atlanta, Georgia.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Prologue	13
1. What the Creator Made of Plains and People ..	17
2. What the Catholics Did in the Wilderness	37
3. What the Evangelicals Did for Religious Liberty	61
4. What Happened under the Touch of a Powerful Hand	85
5. What Happened When the Armies Got Under Way	111
6. What of the Ground that Remains to be Taken?	135
Epilogue	167
Bibliography	171



SAM HOUSTON

PROLOGUE

On a hilltop in the amber light of eventide I sit beside an old stone cross. From the lofty vantage point I marvel at the sternly sublime, rarely spiritual landscape—it is such as might well be the burial place of Moses. The encompassing hills, changing hourly from deep purple almost tragic in its somberness to a clear, lovely amethyst, from amethyst to gray, the faded gray of old velvet, at twilight march like pallid ghosts against a lonely sky. One feels far away, remote from life. It is like creation emerging from chaos—one is reminded of the words, “The morning and evening were the first day.”

But now, as the sanctity of evening falls upon this austere beauty like a veil, over the hills drifts a soft music. It is the Angelus! When yearning ears are righted for the sound, the eyes are filled with the twinkling lights of a city in the valley, set as in a sunken garden. Ah, yes, Santa Fe! Santa Fe at dusk—a time for memories and dreams!

The Angelus? From the Cathedral of St. Francis. Do I not recall that the Franciscans planted the Cross in New Mexico eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock? Was not this very old stone cross erected to the memory of the Franciscans who suffered excruciating martyrdoms in the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680? And the city's full extended name?

Page Thirteen

La Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi—the Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis of Assisi. A religious place?

I am moved to go down into the old, old Spanish town, with its quaint, narrow, crooked streets, its crumbling walls, its little brown adobe houses with their brilliant blue doors and strings of bright red peppers suspended from the eaves—little brown houses that seem to fade tenderly into the brown hills and are a part of the enchanted landscape. No, I must sit here awhile longer in reverie. Oh, these imperial mountains, this vast, calm sky, and those little gray burros winding down the hills with their packs of pinon wood! And those grave, soft-footed Indians, peddlers of pottery, and those little brown houses huddled together at the end of the rambling brown road like a group of gossipy old women!

Hasn't the place always been old? Were not the Indians here in the "Town at the Cowrie Shell Water" for ages past the tracing of man? Has not the old Spanish Governor's Palace stood on the Plaza since the early part of the seventeenth century? Even that primitive room in which General Lew Wallace, while Governor of New Mexico, wrote *Ben Hur, A Tale of the Christ!* When will the most ancient of American cities change?

But has it not greatly advanced while retaining the unchanged? Does it not merely keep all while it adds everything? I remember that in the historic corridor of yonder Governor's Palace there are three murals representing the successive epochs of civilization in the Southwest. The first depicts the primeval Indian

settlement on the site of Santa Fe. The second portrays the coming of the Spaniard—but not Coronado in 1640 in search of the fabled seven cities of Cibola, rather the conqueror, De Vargas, riding into Santa Fe on December 16, 1693, when he put down the Pueblo rebellion. The third is of a caravan of Americans arriving at the end of the Santa Fe Trail. Mr. Carl Lotave, the painter of them, needs to create another panel to symbolize our new and grander epoch, a time just as romantic, far more meaningful. Without the fourth picture Santa Fe and the Southwest would be most inadequately summarized.

Santa Fe, forever impassively old, yet ever visibly new, is, above all, a colorful parade of religions. Here are the Indians in the great annual Fiesta coming up from Acoma, Cochiti, Jemes, Pojuaque, San Ildefonse, Taos, Tesuque, Zia and Zuni, exhibiting in their fierce dances the ritual of animism. In the gorgeous De Vargas Pageant, enacted on the Plaza today, are to be seen the impersonated gaunt Franciscan friars who erected their missions at the New Mexico pueblos a century and a half before they built just such missions in California. In the procession of children in white going up through the red glow of sunset to the old cathedral with flowers for the altar of Mary, one sees the march of Rome which never changes. The mellow notes of the six-hundred-year-old bell brought from Spain and hung in little San Miguel Church, one of the first churches to be built in America, chime with assurance of a life that will never die. But that little brick church around the corner, built by the Baptists in 1854, the first non-Catholic church in New

Mexico; those of the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and that great red Scottish Rite Cathedral, tell of new and powerful religious forces which have come upon the scene. All, elsewhere separated by decades and centuries, at once mingled here in the same spot.

Inevitably there is a tremendous clash here with the remnants of the old savagery, with much that is barbaric still, with stubborn unbelief in the unregenerate, and with contrary orders of believing men. Here, where the Indians are, the Spaniards, the Mexicans, Anglo-American ranchmen, traders, merchantmen, legislators, writers, and painters, and Old World peoples are also. What a picturesque struggle—how dramatic—this age-long effort of religion in its varied forms to capture and hold the great Southwest.

I sit here by the cross on the hilltop, alone in the desert, yet close to the throbbing oasis of life, and think, is this ever to be religion's country? If so, what battles more must it fight? And what will be the type of religion that will rise to dominate this vast empire? What of meaning will it have for others—others beyond the rim of the plains on the far horizons of the world? These are questions I must earnestly look into and try diligently to find out.

BOOK ONE

WHAT THE CREATOR MADE OF
PLAINS AND PEOPLE

WHAT THE CREATOR MADE OF PLAINS AND PEOPLE

I

"I am the plains, barren since Time began,
Yet do I dream of motherhood, when man
One day at last shall look upon my charms
And give me towns like children for my arms."
—*Author Unknown.*

Nature gently sloped the land upward from the Gulf of Mexico till it reached the far-off peaks of the Rocky Mountains. From the level of Texas where it touches the sea, the whole vast area rises north-westward for a distance of fifteen hundred miles till it attains a height of more than thirteen thousand feet on Mount Truchas in northern New Mexico. The general contour is that of a broad plain tilted at such an angle that it is warmed three hundred and twenty days of the year by a genial sun which shines out of skies as bright as those of Italy.

The slope of the great plain accounts for the rivers running in parallel lines toward the southeast. Look at them on the map—the Rio Grande, the Pecos, the Devil's, the Nueces, the Concho, Colorado, the Brazos, the Navasota, the Trinity, the Neches, the Sabine. They all strike southeastward. Only one—the Red River—runs eastward, along the northern limits, and even that one finally bends often toward the south-

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

east. Down from the lofty plateaus they flow, bearing silt which through the ages has built up the coastal plain and gradually pushed back the shore line of the Gulf.

One might think this broad land would be divided into distinct portions by the parallel rivers. But climate, elevation and vegetation have all but ignored the river markings and cut up the country into colorful strips that extend with surprising uniformity from north to south. The first of these strips is the great forested zone in east Texas. The second, parallel with the first, is the black land zone that belts the state from the Red River almost to the Gulf. Then comes the narrow strip of Cross Timbers, which dips from the northern boundary far toward the south. This strip is succeeded by the wide mesquite zone that is co-terminous on its ends with the northern and southern lines of Texas. Next is the zone of the Great Plains, barren of trees. Finally, there are the mountains and mesas which made up the rim of Texas and the whole of New Mexico. There are variations in the surface, to be sure, but these extraordinary zones or belts are most clearly if roughly marked, and have a well-defined geological explanation. The greatest irregularity is in the southwest of Texas.

The zones show a steady diminishment in amount of moisture as one travels westward. In the forested belt of the extreme east the average annual rainfall is 45 inches. It is slightly less in the black land belt, much less in the mesquite belt, and on the plains and

mesas it is only about 10 inches. Quite in reverse, evaporation rapidly increases as one goes west. In the extreme east it is 45 inches and in the far west it is 90 inches. The seasons are nowhere regular, hence floods are frequent even in the black lands and drouths are inevitable on the uplands. Thus there is need of drainage in the east, but in the west irrigation is essential. A land of variable tempers withal, some years experiencing in the north one hundred freezing days, but in the south scarcely more than two or three.

The winds, which together with the sun, make the Southwest so healthful, are nevertheless apt to be severe. There are the delightful Gulf breezes, the balmy Atlantic trade winds, it is true, but there are also the occasional West India hurricanes on the coast, the disastrous cyclones in the middle west, and everywhere at times in the summer the scorching Mexican winds, and in winter the sudden northers. Especially harsh are the winds of the high, timberless plains. Dorothy Scarborough has compressed in her Texas novel, *The Wind*, the whole dark tragedy of this sinister force. She writes of a time before civilization came upon the scene and modified somewhat the mysteriousness, relentlessness and terribleness of these winds. They were then, she says, like some fiery, uncaptured and uncapturable stallion of supernatural force and speed, whose cunning no device could snare, a being of diabolic wisdom, whose wild neighing could be heard as he sped in the night over the plains, his mane flying back, his hoofs striking fire from the

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

yielding sand, a satanic horse for whom no man would ever be a match. Or, she says, the wind was like a naked unbodied ghost, more terrible because invisible, that was a resistless force by day, its shouting voice never letting one know the peace of silence, and wailing across the waste places in the night, calling with the ravishing, devouring passion of a demon lover.

The incessant winds, the light rainfall and the constant sunshine give to most of the western section the appearance and characteristics of the desert. Only in very favorable seasons, when copious rains fell, did the west in primitive times allure with its vegetation. Such scrubby growth as was found there was full of thorns, fit verdure for tarantulas, centipedes, gaunt jack rabbits, tough broncos and long horned cattle. Save for coyotes, antelope and panthers, wild animals from the lush meadows of the black lands and from the moist bowers of the forests drifted thither in times of plentiful showers only to draw back quickly when the drouth came on. A few Indians built pueblos on the upper reaches of the Rio Grande and the Pecos, but the early Spanish explorers, Coronado and DeSoto, found almost no tribes beyond the mesquite zone. There was a tendency among the bolder pioneers to push out westward, but the same ebb and flow betwixt the luxuriant eastlands, coastlands and blacklands on the one side and this nomad's land on the other was to be observed as among the orders of wild life. Only a few of the more hardy secured a permanent foothold.

II

But God evidently did not intend the vast western stretches to be just so many sand wastes to hold the earth together. The rivers, Rio Grande, Pecos, Devil's, Concho, Colorado, and others, always had enwrapped portions of the landscape as with green ribbons, and out of them from time immemorial water has been diverted for a wider greening of the brown plains. But deep below the surface, in measureless caverns running toward the sea the Creator hid bountiful rivers that could be tapped, which would need only the small work of man to bring up as artesian streams for the fructifying of millions of acres of soil. He also shaped huge natural basins that would require only a little effort on man's part to impound billions of gallons of water, as has lately been done at Abilene, Sweetwater, Stamford, Wichita Falls, Medina Lake and Elephant Butte Dam. The last is one of the largest reservoirs in the world, watering 100,000 acres in New Mexico, 25,000 in Old Mexico and 45,000 in Texas. So, gradually the indomitable will of the settler with the improvements of civilization would master the aridness of the Texas plains and the New Mexican mesas, provide abundant resources of moisture, and even somewhat gentle and tame the wild winds.

As if to show the Maker's intention more clearly, restless man has discovered inexhaustible pools of petroleum underlying almost the entire region. Within a few years these have put Texas ahead of all the

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

states in oil production. Then, as if crowning all proof of the Creator's ultimate design, man has found buried far below the sandy plains of west Texas and New Mexico potash beds that outrival those of Germany and France. Where once the occasional herds grazed on a scant pasturage, where once the sturdy cowman lived in a dugout, where later the homesteader fought lean years and lived in a mirage of vain hope, all is changed. Fruitful fields now smile up from loving tillage, homes built upon secure foundations nestle close against the bosom of the land, and great cities with towering skyscrapers are rising to meet the new day. Cities like Amarillo, which upon the discovery of petroleum nearby, grew from 20,000 to 60,000 in one year.

With the development of irrigation in the West, as in the region of Las Cruces and El Paso, and even more wonderfully in the Magic Valley of the lower Rio Grande; with the amazing discoveries of oil, as at Amarillo, Wichita Falls, Breckenridge, Ranger, Brownwood, Laredo; with the astounding revelation of vast potash beds in the westland; with all this in addition to the great cattle industry and successful dry-farming already established, one might think that attention would be diverted from the eastern half of the Southwest. But not so. The pine and cypress lumber in the forested area, despite the reckless cutting, continues to be one of the largest sources of building material to be found in America, containing, according to conservative estimates, over sixty billion

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

feet. The same belt is producing fruits, vegetables, corn and cotton abundantly. Iron ore is distributed throughout the zone and will doubtless one day be smelted. And now comes the discovery that east Texas has 60,000 square miles of lignite, approximately one-half of the known lignite area of the United States, in beds varying in thickness from a few inches to seven hundred feet. These layers of lignite cannot be less than 30,000,000,000 tons in extent, possibly far greater. East Texas has oil also at Beaumont, Goose Creek, Jacksonville and Corsicana.

The black prairie belt, owing to the fertility of the soil, equaling that of the Nile Valley, has grown such crops of all kinds that it has been chiefly responsible for Texas having an annual production in agriculture exceeding a billion dollars, far and away in the lead of that of any other state in the Union. This is the banner cotton area of the wide world, its production largely accounting for Texas' share of 5,900,000 bales of the total number of 24,800,000 raised on the whole earth. Naturally the black land belt would come to teem with a population comparing with the more thickly settled regions of the nation, and in it the state's chief cities would be found.

The coastal plain, however, appears to show the greatest promise because of natural resources. Its trees, its meadows, its rich lands, its waterways from the first beckoned to man. But there came a day when not only grazing herds, rice crops, abundant building materials, but golden treasures in oil and

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

limitless stores of sulphur were found. The Texas coast is now responsible for sixty per cent of the world's output of sulphur. At Port Arthur, Beaumont, Galveston, Houston, Corpus Christi, are to be seen ships from the seven seas. Down from the North come rolling the riches of the great land, on all the great trunk lines of railway even far beyond the borders of Texas, from Canada, Chicago, St. Louis and all the states between them and the Gulf of Mexico, and this is why these coastal cities are next to New York in actual exports. Reckless the prophet who would be willing to predict how many people such a city as Houston, for example, will have within the next generation. Every condition exists for the massing of an immense population on the coasts of the Southwest, where once dwelt the Indians from whom the country took its name, but where, strange to relate, there is the least trace of them today.

III

"So the red men drove their ponies,
With the tent poles training after,
Out along the path to the sunset,
While along the river valleys,
Swarmed the wild bees, the forerunners,
And the white men, close behind them,
Men of mark from old Missouri,
Men of daring from Kentucky,
Tennessee, Louisiana,
Men of many states and races . . .
And the country of the Tejas
Was the fertile land of Texas."

—Henry Van Dyke, "Ode to Texas."

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

If one would know whom God made first to dwell in this Southwestern land, let him cross the Rio Grande west of old Santa Fe and take his stand in the Rito de los Frijoles, at the site of empty Tyuonyi, and gaze upon the remains of the ancient cliff dwellings which look out from the steep canyón walls. Those cavate rooms in the cliff, with the ruins of the talus pueblo at the foot of the cliff, speak eloquently of a prehistoric civilization developed by the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians, a culture at least on a level with that which we see in the pueblos today and thought by some archaeologists to have been quite superior, perhaps similar to that of the Aztecs in Old Mexico. Certain it is that the cliff-dwellers had a religion, with its rites and ceremonies, its ethics and faith, its sculptured art and painting and ideographs, acknowledging the sun-father and the moon-mother. Adolf Bandelier, in such a book as *The Delight Makers*, has taken all known facts and with creative imagination portrayed the daily individual and communal life of these fascinating folk who have long since disappeared from the scene of action.

The sedentary Indians who occupy pueblos in New Mexico today contrive to preserve much that belonged to their ancestors, the cliff dwellers. Even though they are nominally Catholics, they keep many of the pagan practices. Of these pueblos which flourish today perhaps that of Taos, with its great terraced adobe houses, six stories in height, is the most famous. Eighty miles north of Santa Fe, at the edge of a broad

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

mesa, it stands a lovely sentinel silhouetted against the sky, at the foot of white-crested mountains. Hard by is the patient little frontier town, called Taos, with its crooked streets, old mission church, adobe walls against which bright hollyhocks obligingly pose, and its quiet cemetery in which Kit Carson sleeps beneath a mossy marble slab. Little wonder that world-famed artists now should colonize here, declaring enthusiastically, "It's the best stuff in America," or that poets and novelists from the four corners of the earth should journey thither in search of pictures and romance. Surely this might have been one of Cabeza de Vaca's fabled Seven Cities of Cibola! For did not Coronado find that those much sought cities after all were only Indian pueblos, with a splendor entirely mythical?

Whether or not there were originally far more of the Pueblo Indians is not known—probably there were. Today the list of New Mexico pueblos with their population is as follows: Acoma, 841; Cochiti, 244; Isleta, 749; Jemes, 508; Laguna, 1,719; Nambey, 87; Picuris, 93; Pojuaque, 9; San Filepe, 532; San Ildefonso, 81; San Juan, 293; Sandia, 92; Santa Anna, 200; Santa Clara, 246; Santo Domingo, 780; Taos, 571; Tesuque, 109; Zia, 110; Zuni, 1,842. All these are in northern and western New Mexico.

These sedentary Indians differed greatly from the nomadic tribes. They belonged to the stocks Athapaskan, Tanoan, Zunian. The nomads lived south-eastward, among whom were the active Kiowas in

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*



THE ALAMO
San Antonio, Texas.

Page Twenty-nine

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

what is now Oklahoma, the war-like Apaches along the Rio Grande west of San Antonio, the murderous Comanches on the Upper Colorado, the friendly Tonkawas on the Middle Colorado, the peaceful Cherokees in east Texas, the hostile Caddoes near the present site of Fort Worth, the quieter Pawnees on the Upper Brazos, the farming Wakos where Waco now stands, and the Confederacy of the Tejas, thirty tribes, midway between the Neches and the Trinity and along the Gulf Coast. Probably the most numerous among these tribes other than the early Tejas were the Comanches, of whom it is thought there were from 12,000 to 30,000 warriors. It is known that in 1836 there were not more than 14,200 Indians altogether in Texas, of whom 8,000 belonged to the civilized tribes.

While some authorities contend that Tejas was the word for tent or wigwam, and others insist that it meant "paradise," all agree that the name of the Indian tribe came to be pronounced Texas and applied to the country. The designation probably took place when the ill-fated Frenchman, LaSalle, first European settler on Texas soil, landed at the mouth of a river where there were so many buffaloes about that he called the river La Vache, Spanish La vaca, "the cows," and where he found Indians who called themselves Tejas. The use of Texas was afterward strengthened when the Spaniard, De Leon, and a Franciscan padre, Manzanet, came upon La Salle's abandoned Fort Saint Louis and talked to a wandering band of Tejas. As we shall see later Manzanet

subsequently established a mission among the Tejas, but the mission, after experiencing many trials, was later moved to San Antonio.

IV

It was given to the French La Salle as early as 1685 to found the first European settlement in Texas, but the Spaniards had led the way into the Southwest more than a hundred years before. Immediately after Cortez conquered Mexico in 1519-1523, Spanish adventurers dared to push into Texas and New Mexico. In 1549 Viceroy Mendoza sent a friar, Marcos de Niza, to find out what he could about the wide-spread tale of the treasure cities of Cibola. Marcos de Niza reached one of the Zuni pueblos in western New Mexico, but when the Indians killed the misbehaving negro who accompanied him, he did not enter inside the walls of the pueblo. Yet Fray Marcos went home with extravagant tales of the size and wealth of the place. These stories incited Coronado to make his celebrated expedition into New Mexico with a view to loot and conquest, only to waste his forces in perilous wandering and to meet with keen disappointment in the tame pueblos.

Spanish settlements were made in the vicinity of Santa Fe from 1581 onward. In 1598 Don Juan de Onate entered New Mexico with 400 colonists, settling first at San Juan and later at Santa Fe. The Franciscans soon built seventeen churches and claimed 14,000 converts among the Indians, but so zealous

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

and persistent were they in stamping out the native religious rites, that there was a terrible uprising among the Indians in 1684, during which many of the Spanish priests were cruelly martyred. In 1692 General Don Diego de Vargas marched into Santa Fe and obtained the complete submission of the Indians, who have ever since been docile.

Meanwhile Texas built its oldest town, Isleta, near the present El Paso. It began as a village of Tiguex Indians in 1680, but undoubtedly several Spanish priests were there. After La Salle's disaster at Fort Saint Louis, near Port Lavaca, the French sought for a long while to gain a foothold in Texas. One picturesque adventurer, Saint-Denis, left Mobile with five canoes, laden with men and goods, and entering the Mississippi, rowed up the Red River to Natchitoches. How he traded with the Indians, dallied with the Mexicans, was almost apprehended in Mexico, without aiming to do so caused them to found a mission among the Tejas, aroused their suspicions as to French encroachments, and in the end escaped to rejoin the French service, is a long hair-lifting story, and reveals how hopeless it was for the French to try to capture the territory of Texas.

The Spanish, mad with imperialistic zeal, possessed no such colonizing genius as the English. As we shall see, their effort at evangelizing the Indians was only a means to an end—that of conquering opposition and obtaining wealth. Through a period of hundreds of years they planted some twenty-five missions in Texas,

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

but so precarious was the tenure of these missions, even when protected by military forts, called presidios, that in 1831 when the Anglo-Americans began to rush in, between the Sabine and the Rio Grande only three centers of Spanish population had survived—San Antonio, Goliad and Nacogdoches. The Spanish had left little else than their names for rivers, mountains, plains and places.

V.

The Indians had a legend that when one hears the bees in the forest he knows that he must move on, for the whites are near. He lays stress upon the fact that when the white man brings his women, his children and his bees, he never retreats. It is then that he comes to stay. In 1819, following the treaty which left Texas in the hands of Spain and gave validity to Spanish grants of lands within that province, the Indians must have heard the bees in the piney woods of east Texas. For it was then that Stephen F. Austin took up a farm on the Red River. Philip Nolan, a filibuster, who entered Texas in 1801 ostensibly to procure some wild horses for President Jefferson, but under suspicion of spying out the land for the United States, had been killed by the Spaniards on the Brazos, near the present town of Waco. Others from the United States had reconnoitered in the territory of Texas without doing anything more than to stir up an interest among prospective settlers in the United States. In 1820 Moses Austin, a native

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

of Connecticut, went to San Antonio to obtain a grant for colonization, and his son, Stephen, struck out to New Orleans to gather 300 immigrants. At first the elder Austin, though once a Spanish citizen, was denied the grant, but later through the good offices of Baron de Bastrop, a German in Spanish service, the application was approved.

Moses Austin, weakened by the hardships of the long trip on horseback, died before the favorable answer came. Stephen F. Austin then carried the news of his father's death to Governor Martinez and asked to be recognized as the *emprasario* (contractor). The request being granted, Austin selected a place on the lower Brazos, San Felipe, where he brought his immigrants in December, 1821. Each settler was permitted to have 640 acres of land, besides 320 for his wife, 160 for each child, and 80 for each slave. Austin charged each one of his colonists twelve and a half cents per acre for the purpose of creating an expense fund. The terms of the contract did not permit of the establishment of Protestant worship but provided for religion to be administered by the Mexican State Church, the Roman Catholic.

The concession to Moses Austin was the first of many more that were to be granted quickly to other *emprasarios*, with the result that Texas filled up rapidly with people from the States. By 1836 there were at least 30,000 Anglo-Americans in Texas, while the Mexican population numbered 3,470, and the Indian 14,200. The abuses of the Mexican government

proving intolerable in 1836, the Texans under General Sam Houston decisively defeated the Mexican army under General Santa Anna at San Jacinto; not, however, before the catastrophes of Goliad and the Alamo in which immortal Texas heroes were brutally massacred. The Texas Republic then arose, the Lone Star, for a little to shine brightly in the firmament of nations, afterward to join the galaxy of stars in the flag of the United States. When the Civil War broke out Texas was among the last to join the Confederate States.

Thus Texas for a time rested under the flag of France, which was carried down the Mississippi River by the brave La Salle; next it knew the emblem of Spain, flung to the breeze by Franciscan priests; afterward waved over it the Mexican banner; followed that of the Lone Star Republic, succeeded by the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy, at last surmounted again by the Stars and Stripes.

The Texas Republic, in 1841, laid claim to New Mexico, insisting that its western boundary was the Rio Grande River, from its mouth to its head. An over-confident force of 300 men was sent into New Mexico to enforce these claims, but never was an expedition more futile. Upon the declaration of war by the United States against Mexico, General Stephen W. Kearney went to Santa Fe and organized a civil government, compiling a code of laws, of which some are still in force. His successor, Governor Bent, was assassinated by the Indians in January, 1847. The

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

renowned scout, Kit Carson, who took up his residence at Taos about this time did much to quell Indian disturbances. These were the days when the Santa Fe Trail was the scene of the most dramatic movements in America. From 1851 until 1901, when New Mexico was admitted into the Union, it existed under the regular territorial form of government. In the Civil War it proved loyal to the Union, repulsing an invasion of Confederates from Texas.

VI

Of the nearly two million Mexicans in the United States, the majority reside in New Mexico and Texas. In Texas the Mexicans constitute about 17 per cent of the population and in New Mexico about 60 per cent. The Mexican is neither a Spaniard nor an Indian, but the lineal descendant of a race which developed a civilization in Mexico at a time when Babylon and Egypt were in their glory. "He stands," says Dr. J. W. Skinner, president of the Tex-Mex Institute at Kingsville, Texas, near the border, "with the poise of the broken columns of an ancient temple, in the midst of fragments that once had form of symmetry and beauty. There is that which suggests a reserve of strength as the pyramids, a patience as the Sphinx, a grace as the desert palm. He has no disclosures for the rude. There is resentment for the patronizing and vengeance for the unjust and cruel. He is patient, industrious, patriotic, religious. If

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

energized by the illuminating spirit of the gospel, he is an asset to the world in the present time of need."

The Mexicans in Texas are found mostly along the northern side of the Rio Grande, with the largest urban population in San Antonio and El Paso, though they are increasingly spreading over the state. In New Mexico the Mexicans are predominant throughout the state. In Santa Rosa I observed that all the legal notices were in Spanish. Spanish is spoken in many of the schools.

In Eastern and Central Texas are many negroes, in some counties the proportion to the white population being about the same as in Alabama. The negroes constitute, according to the 1920 census, 15.9 per cent of the Texas population, which shows a decided decrease from the percentage of former years.

Five per cent of the population of Texas is German and about five per cent is divided among all the other foreign nationalities excepting the Mexicans, of whom, as stated, are 17 per cent. Texas is, therefore, predominantly, overwhelmingly American. The Germans reside mainly in the vicinity of Austin, San Antonio and southeastward of these cities toward the Gulf. The Bohemians have two considerable settlements, one in Lavaca and Fayette counties, the other in Williamson, Bell and McLennan. The few Italians and Greeks are chiefly to be found in the cities. The handful of Swedes are in Travis and Williamson counties, with scattered settlements in Galveston, Harris and Tarrant counties. Of native Americans the earlier

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

settlers were from the southern states, but the increase from the northern and middle western states has been very noticeable of late years. In 1926 Texas ranked fifth among the states of the Union, with a total of 5,312,661, while New Mexico, with a population of 388,146, indicated a very slight change in figures as compared with the figures of a decade ago.

Texas, with its 265,896 square miles, much the largest state in the Union, and New Mexico, with its 122,634 square miles, the fifth largest state in the Union, have now a combined population of a little less than 6,000,000, but a possible one surpassing that of the whole country, for Texas alone could easily support all the people in the United States. This vast area, in which has been enacted the most romantic history of the continent, teeming with types that have charmed painters and novelists, throbbing now with an unmatched industrial activity, has also a religious story which lifts one to the highest level of sustained interest.

BOOK TWO

WHAT THE CATHOLICS DID
IN THE WILDERNESS

WHAT THE CATHOLICS DID IN THE WILDERNESS

I

- The valley city sits with its thoughts.
"Have I not had my thoughts by myself four hundred years?"
she asks.
"Have I not seen the guns of Spain, Mexico and America go
up and down the valley?
"Is not holy faith and the name of a saint in my name?
"Was I not called La Villa de Santa Fe de San Francisco
de Assisi?
"Do they not name a railroad from Chicago to Los Angeles
after me?
"Did they not give a two-thousand-mile wagon trail of the
first gold diggers, the forty-niners, my name, the short
pet name, Santa Fe?
"Do you wonder I sit here, like an easy woman, not young,
not old—
"Do you wonder I sit here, shrewd, faded, asking: What next,
who next?
"And answering my own questions: I don't care—let the
years worry."

—*Carl Sandburg, "Santa Fe Sketches."*

In the opinion of Oscar Wilde, since Christ bore his cross up Golgotha's height, Francis d' Assisi is the only Christian that has been seen in the world. This blithe monk, who founded the order of friars destined to bear his name, considered himself married to Lady Poverty and went along his destitute ways calling the wind "brother" and the water "sister." Doubtless the most pathetic incident in the celibate life of this loving but lonely man occurred that night when he was found sobbing among snow images which he had con-

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

structed to represent wife and children. But if he had no blood descendants, his spiritual children, the Franciscans, perhaps the noblest among the Catholic orders, have been found in all lands, and some of the bravest and most self-denying were those who early invaded the vast wilderness of the Southwest.

Why should we think that in the long, thrilling story of the old Southwest only the soldiers or the bandits and bad men were romantic or adventurous, while the pioneer priests were drab and the padres prosaic? The spiritual conquest was initiated before any other was attempted, and even the most prejudiced person will find in its annals an unsurpassed valor and a touch of humanness that draws forth unstinted admiration. One who searches out the journals of the Franciscans, the diaries of these missionaries, the chronicles of the old clerics, will come upon breathless episodes, stirring exploits and almost enchanted behavior.

Coronado, the Spanish explorer who traversed almost the whole of the Southwest in 1540 in search of the faded Seven Cities of Cibola, is reckoned as intrepid. But let it be remembered that the friar, Marcos de Niza, with only a negro for a companion, went into the wilderness first and stood over against the Zuni Pueblo to behold the slaying of his lone comrade in desert-tramping before the soldier, Coronado, or any other European ever ventured into those distant regions.

Coronado and his army in 1540 were kindly received at the pueblo of Acoma, but in 1629, when the

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Franciscans had planted twenty missions in the far-flung Indian towns, and after the Spaniards had fought with Acoma the bloodiest battle ever fought on New Mexico soil, Fray Juan Ramirez, it is related, trudged the 150 miles from Santa Fe to Acoma alone, declining an escort of soldiers and with no other weapon than his crucifix. When he was greeted by a great flight of arrows, some of which pierced his robes, he stood his ground. In the melee above, on that high-precipiced mesa where the sky city perched, a little Acoma girl lost her balance and fell over the cliff. The awful plunge did not kill her, for she lodged on a sandy ledge, out of sight of her anxious people. Immediately Fray Ramirez started climbing toward her. Up those precarious cliffs he clambered to the ledge and then, taking the little girl in his arms, he scaled the rock ladder to the dizzy summit and laid her in the arms of her mother. No wonder the Indians to this day call that wild and precipitous path up which he mounted "El Camino del Padre," the Trail of the Father. Nor need we be amazed at the fact that this Apostle to the Acomas afterward lived among them for a score of years and built a church on the mesa, leaving the natives the gentlest in all the twenty-six New Mexican Pueblos.

No Spanish expedition marched without a gray-robed Franciscan friar, but most often these spiritual explorers made *entradas* afoot as did Fray Marcos and Fray Juan. That martyr's cross on the hilltop above Santa Fe was erected to the memory of those

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

devoted friars who laid down their lives in the Pueblo uprising of 1684. Charles F. Lummis has copied from the Ramirez collection of manuscript *diarios* the account, recorded by Fray Silvestre Velez de Escalante, missionary to Zuni, of his three hundred league round-trip from Santa Fe, July 29, 1776, to January 2, 1777, trying to open a northern route to that bothersome settlement of Monterey, California. With eight companions he pierced the wilderness of Utah, threaded the labyrinthine canyons of Colorado, and "on October 7, 1776, the same month in which General Howe defeated Washington's forces at White Plains, he forded the headlong river, the first white man that ever crossed the Grand Canyon."

II

But this is anticipating somewhat. Following Fray Marcos de Niza's exploration in 1537, for more than half a century the few friars who ventured into New Mexico died at the hands of the Indians. The start toward founding missions began in 1598, when one Juan de Onate led 400 colonists and an army of soldiers, with a long wagon train and 7,000 head of cattle, from the present site of El Paso up the Rio Grande, through the Indian pueblos, to a point twenty-five miles north of Santa Fe. Here at San Juan de los Caballeros, St. John of the Gentlemen, so named from the hospitable reception of the friendly Indians, the ten Franciscan friars who had come along, headed by Fray Martinez as *Comisario*, promptly built a church,

Page Forty-four

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

the first place of worship built within the United States except the chapel at San Augustine, Florida. Almost immediately missions were established at Nambe, Jemez, San Felipe, Picuris, Santa Anna, Zia, and Pecos pueblos, the first missions established within the territorial limits of the United States.

The Indians of New Mexico lived in permanent habitations, three to five stories high, built of adobe brick about a rectangle, the houses being terraced and consisting of numerous labyrinthine rooms, "human bee hives," or, rather, resembling a hornet's nest, seen today in much the same condition as when the friars first saw them. These Indians raised crops, practiced irrigation, manufactured textile fabrics, made pottery, and were the most intelligent, cleanly and friendly of all the Indians of the Southwest. They were strongly attached to their pagan religion, and even to this day have not wholly abandoned it. While they were peaceable, slow to wrath, yet they were capable of concerted action and, therefore, potentially dangerous.

This latter fact emphatically appears in the bloodiest Indian uprising ever occurring in the United States—the Pueblo Rebellion in 1680. The cause of this terrible massacre is not altogether certain. Some insist that it was the friars' rigid requirement in forcing the Indians to give up their pagan rites. Others hint that it was enforced baptism, the Catholic view being that the Indians were conditionally saved if baptized. Still others think that the virtual slavery to which the colonists reduced them fired them to

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

rebellion. While all these things had their effect, the general view is that the brutal Spanish soldiers, by their outrages on these pagan children of the desert, stirred them to hostile action. There had been many sporadic outbreaks, but the padres had been able by their preaching of patience and submission and by their punishments and rewards to hold the Indians in check. Any show of violence, too, had been ruthlessly suppressed by the Spanish soldiers. Finally Pope (Po-pay) of the San Juan pueblo secretly organized all the pueblos with the decision to revolt on August 13. But learning that the Spaniards had discovered the plot, he induced the Confederation to fall upon their oppressors on August 10. Governor Otermin had made an effort to concentrate all his people in Santa Fe and Isleta, and some few of the Spaniards did reach these two places, but in the main they were all killed, without distinction between friendly padre or brutal soldier. Governor Otermin could not hold Santa Fe, nor even Isleta, farther south, and so retreated to El Paso. Only a few young women, who had married Indian braves, survived out of all the Spanish settlers. The mission buildings were all fired, a few entirely burned, and Zuni's church alone escaped. The records of a century's mission work were all destroyed, and in consequence there is little that we know of the missions during those long years whose annals were obliterated by the martyr fires.

Tactful Don Diego de Vargas, in 1692, cautiously crept up the Rio Grande with an army and managed

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

to conciliate the Indians and win them, with only here and there a skirmish. This was made possible in part from the fact that the Pueblos had suffered so disastrously from attacks by the Apaches of the plains that they welcomed protection again at the hands of the Spaniards. Soon nineteen of the old missions were rebuilt or repaired, and new ones opened. Until the missions were secularized, or freed from control of the padres, and so disintegrated, at the beginning of Mexico's independence, early in the nineteenth century, they continued to pursue their work unhindered.

III

If the reader wishes to know what life in the missions was like, he may easily paint the picture in imagination with the aid of materials furnished in actual accounts given by some who visited them. Approaching them, let us say, by the Old Spanish Trail which led from El Paso to Santa Fe, one would ride hundreds of miles on horseback or muleback, though the padres preferred to walk, because to own a horse was not consistent with their vows of poverty, and afoot they could occupy themselves the better with introspection and meditation. Long past blazing deserts, beyond majestic forests, the other side of towering mountains, the rider would suddenly see a cluster of houses centered about a beautiful white church. If it were dawn, noon or evening he would hear the sound of bells in the church tower. Drawing near, he would behold a busy scene: The swinging hammer of

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

the builder, the tapping of the stone-cutter's mallet, the rhythmic clatter of the loom, the measured beat of the anvil, the lowing and bleating of herds, the cackling of fowls, the movements of the ground-tiller with his crops. For the friars not only instructed the Indians in religion, but taught them industries. But their hours of labor were short—beginning at nine in the morning and taking three off at noon for rest. With the sound of the evening bell the day's work was over.

After supper there were religious services. The Indian was mentally incapable of getting an abstract idea—the teaching was mainly by object lessons. The friars did not think it necessary that the Indian should understand Christianity—baptism would suffice—though they did laboriously seek to instruct him. There were many feast days, especially agreeable to the lazy males, and on these fiestas the Catholic and pagan ceremonies were curiously blended. The neophytes, or Indian converts, often conceived a true affection for the friars, as dramatic instances abundantly prove, but they also feared the padres, for these religious masters, so they believed, held the keys of everlasting death with which to shut them out of heaven, besides means of temporal punishment.

The architecture of these old missions in New Mexico is known as Pueblo-Mission, as distinguished from the peculiarities of the style in Texas, which is called Moorish-Mission. The Historical and Archaeological Museum at Santa Fe today is a replica of six of the

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

old mission churches. While some of the churches were cruciform, the majority were rectangular, and their width determined by the length of the vigas (roof beams), which could hardly ever be procured in lengths longer than thirty-five feet. The front of the church, facade, was usually highly ornamented, but the rest quite plain, often without windows. Each church had a tower, or two towers, in which a bell from Spain was hung. In the rear was a convent or sleeping quarters. Sometimes a tunnel led away from the building, not likely, as some argue, connected with another mission many miles away, but to some place nearby, to which, under attack, the besieged might escape. Very often for purposes of defense the church and convent were built around a patio or central enclosure in which there was a garden. The essential rooms were a chapel, the baptistry, and sacristy, the mortuary chapel, the bell-tower, and the dormitory or convent, Monastery. In these churches were some really good paintings, Raphaels, Cimabues and excellent copies of da Vinci's. In the Acoma church is an old painting of St. Joseph, about which there is an interesting tale which concerns a struggle with Laguna during a period of extraordinary drouth, when these two pueblos fought to retain the picture in the belief that it would bring the rain and cessation from pestilence.

In turning from the story of the old Spanish missions in New Mexico one feels that here that romantic effort at Christianizing the Indians had in many

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

respects its best chance. While the King of Spain suffered a pitiful illusion about the time required to civilize them, and while the colonists were impatient enough to force them Clovis-like into baptism, the padres knew how slow and tedious must be the civilizing process with these filthy, indolent children of nature. Two or three generations would not be sufficient, not even a millenium of time! Finally, in New Mexico the work of the early padres suffered less from Mexico's decree of secularization of the missions than in Texas, because the Indians, who had always dwelt in communal life, did not scatter, but after secularization continued to live as before, the mission simply becoming a parish church, a status in which it has ever since remained.

In order to gain an accurate idea of how the religious life has been conducted among the Indians of the Southwest by the Catholics during the past four hundred years, one has only to visit a New Mexico pueblo today, where, as in Palestine, styles never change. To enter one of these places and observe the religious procedure is to feel as if one had been transported to another world, or at least to some remote age of this world. And all of this in progressive America!

IV

Up from the desert desolate and bleak
That stretches out as far as eye can reach
In wind-blown, rocking waves that never break
On any howsoever distant beach,
The organ cactus lifts its columns grand
That, linked together, tower toward the sky,
A vast pipe organ in a lonely land,
Ancient of days ere man came nigh.

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*



DR. RUFUS BURLESON

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Shall mighty touch of hurricane or storm
Awake majestic chords of life within?
Or shall the breath of Mexic breezes warm
Avail the sweeter melodies to win?
Perhaps in some hushed midnight's holy spell,
When soft on sands the moonbeams lie,
The hand divine that shaped so wondrous well
This organ vast shall play his symphony!
—Dorothy Scarborough, "*The Organ Cactus*."

That the organ cactus yielded celestial music was only the poet's fancy; and that the fierce, nomadic Indians of Tejas would joyfully sing the Christian's hymns was also a bit fanciful. Nevertheless the Franciscan friars thought to have it so, although Spain had so much territory on her hands that it was nearly a hundred years later than in New Mexico that they entered Texas. But as in New Mexico, so in Texas these ministers of religion were the first to penetrate the unknown spaces. Priests were with Onate at El Paso at the closing of the sixteenth century. In 1684, Padre Nicolas Lopez and a party of missionaries went from El Paso down the Rio Grande to the mouth of the Conchos, and thence across to the Pecos. Even four years prior to that, at Isleta, oldest town now existing in Texas, whither the Indians from Isleta in New Mexico accompanied Otermin in his retreat from New Mexico during the Pueblo Rebellion, were two padres and a church. Indeed, there were probably eight missions on the Mexico side of the Rio Grande, scattered from El Paso to Brownsville, at this time.

When the Spanish viceroy in Mexico, in 1689, dispatched soldiers to Fort St. Louis, built by the ill-fated

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

La Salle, then it was that a Franciscan padre named Damien Manzanet, hardy as any of the men of war, played an important part in the foray. Making friends with the Tejas Indians, he promised to return next year and bring other priests like himself. Imagine if you can that journey of Manzanet's in March, 1690, from Coahuila across the windy wastes of the Southwest to the tangled woods of the Neches and Trinity. How exciting to find among the Indians a young man and boy who had been with La Salle's company! See them as they search for the grave of La Salle, and do actually find the bodies of two Frenchmen who had shot each other. Vision their pride when they had finished the wooden church and celebrated masses in the Mission San Francisco de los Tejas. It was not Manzanet's fault that the mission sputtered for three years, then flickered out, was only revived in 1716, and lived after 1730, when transferred to the San Antonio River under the new name, San Francisco de la Espada. However, far be it from us to assert that in all his dissensions with the military the overseeing Manzanet was a paragon—we are only pointing out that there was nothing effeminate about him to brave the privations, toils and perils of those wilderness journeys, and that his is the most conspicuous character of the earliest period.

Mission activity here began, then, as a strategical effort to keep the French out of Texas. The mission, San Francisco de los Tejas, some forty-five miles southwest of the present town of Nacogdoches, be-

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

tween the Neches and Trinity, was the first outpost against the French. Finding there was no immediate danger from the French, De Leon left three padres and three soliders in charge of the mission and returned to Mexico, many hundred miles away. The next year, 1690, the padres built another mission nearby—El Santisimo Nombre de Maria, on the Neches. But the civil authorities in far-away Mexico neglected these isolated missions. Soon the insolent soldiers angered the Indians, and after three years the six Spaniards abandoned the missions in order to find safety. During the next twenty-five years, Spain and France being on good terms, no further effort was made by the Viceroy of Mexico to colonize or Christianize Texas. It was not until 1715, when Saint-Dennis, a French adventurer, led an expedition into Texas, that the Spaniards again got busy with their missioning. And in 1719, when war broke out between Spain and France, the French in Louisiana made a move on East Texas. Forthwith Domingo Ramon and nine friars under Fray Antonio Margil went to the two old missions in East Texas, revived them and established four new ones—Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, La Concepcion Purisima de Scuna, Nuestra Senora Nacogdoches, and San Jose de los Nazazones—all between the Trinity and Sabine rivers, within a day's journey of the present town of Nacogdoches. Adaes, a presidio, or military fort for the protection of the missions, was erected.

Simultaneous with this missionary ardor in East Texas was a spurt of zeal in the coastal district. Margil built San Miguel near Matagorda Bay, Nuestra Senora Argizacco on the San Jacinto Creek, El Espiritu Santa de Zuniga on Matagorda Bay, which was later removed to the present site of Goliad, and Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe on the lower Guadalupe River.

The mission, which in the light of subsequent history has had the most of interest among all those founded in Texas, was San Antonio de Valero. It was named for the Viceroy of Mexico, and was moved in 1718 from the Rio Grande to Bejar, to become famed as the Alamo. Built primarily as a school for the Indians, and long the most important Indian school in America, it has supposedly been called Alamo, the Spanish word for cottonwood, because of the cottonwood trees that grew around it, but in reality perhaps it was so-called from the company of troops known as that of the Alamo of Parras. This mission was soon reinforced by several others—the Frenchman, Saint-Dennis, had remarked on the favorable situation. That built in 1720 was San Jose de Aguayo, that in 1722 the San Xavier de Naxera, and those transferred from East Texas in 1731, because of pressure of the Indian aggression there, have already been named. The presidio of East Texas was also moved there, and a civil settlement, the villa of San Fernando, afterward called San Antonio, established, the colonists

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

coming from the Canary Islands via the City of Mexico and the long distance overland.

VI

This social mixture of Indians, padres, soldiers, settlers, and other of uncertain classification, was far from homogenous, and there was much disagreeable ferment. The fulsome quarrel of villa, presidio and mission stank as far as Spain. However, the city of San Antonio gradually took on solidarity and managed to endure. The missions were built of stone, and while those in East Texas and on the coast, which were built of wood, have long since rotted, those of the San Antonio group remain. In their flourishing days these missions were all industrial schools. The Indian neophytes tended gardens, orchards and vineyards, which were watered by irrigation ditches; they raised livestock, having at times as many as 12,000 head of cattle, horses and sheep, and they came to be skilled artisans, as revealed by their works.

The hero among the old Spanish friars of Texas was not "that chuckle head," Fray Manzanet, but Fray Margil, the creator of an enduring system and Padre Presidente of the Texas Missions, whose ashes repose in the Cathedral of the City of Mexico.

Let us admit that the Spanish missionaries lacked some of the glamour that attached to heretics of the English colonial kind, who fled the old world for conscience sake, but they suffered not a whit in comparison when revealed by the sublimest tests of heroism.

They encountered many difficulties. Not the least of their hardships was the one which Manzanet experienced, that of living on easy terms with the soldiers. For the soldiers, though their presidios were somewhat removed from the missions, were the scum of the earth, and instead of giving protection to the religious precincts, more often were guilty of unspeakable outrages on the Indians shut up there. The nomadic Indians of Texas, unlike the sedentary tribes of New Mexico, were exceedingly hard to confine in catechetical studies, or subdue to the pursuit of domestic and agricultural duties. Add to this restlessness a persistent, lurking hostility. Sometimes, as in the case of the Apaches, the Indians pretended to a desire for a mission in the effort to hoodwink the Spaniards and secure enough food to sustain their lazy bodies, or have protection against marauding Comanches. This is clear from the failure of missions attempted on the Guadalupe, the Pedernales and the San Saba, though one's sympathies are drawn out to Father Terreros, Apostle to the Apaches, who in his zeal offered to pay the expenses of twenty such missions for three years. His utter disillusionment was the massacre of the padres at San Saba, the final abandonment of the frontier missions and the enforced consolidation of all the oldest at San Antonio.

A critical appraisalment of the early work done by the Catholics yields these meager assured results: In New Mexico the Pueblo Indians embraced the Catholic faith, to which they have since adhered; in Texas the

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

enduring stone buildings of the missions are the only visible tokens of labors among the Indians that were confessedly a failure. It should be said that in Texas the Spanish soldiers did more to alienate the Indians and paralyze the work of the missionaries; but it should also be said that the missionaries' method of confining the nomadic Indians after a form of slavery, forcing them into exercises, manual and spiritual, that were obnoxious to them, caused them to love neither Christ nor the Franciscans. The motive of the Spaniards, too, being more that of colonizing the country than a fervent zeal for saving the souls of the Indians, explains in part the lack of genuine success. Yet, for colonization purposes, they were poorly supported. The Spanish authorities complained constantly of the excessive cost of maintaining the missions and necessary accompaniments of military garrisons or presidios, with the result that Europeans did not join them and the Indians forsook them.

So one after another of the missions was abandoned, either through insufficient protection against the hostile Indians or inadequate provision against sheer poverty, until there was a consolidation of all of them in the neighborhood of Bejar, or San Antonio, at the close of the eighteenth century. At the opening of the new century came the order for the secularization of the missions, which, of course, in effect meant the disintegration of their communal life and their reduction to the basis of parish churches. The Catholics, having won Mexico, were in control of religion as long as

Spain had possession of the territory, and when the Mexicans revolted from Spain in 1820 theirs was still the state religion. After the next forty years practically all the Indians had withdrawn from Texas, finally to receive their allotments in the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. Until the removal of the Indians from Texas we hear practically nothing of non-Catholic efforts to Christianize them, a pathetic fact, explained, no doubt, by the red man's hostility.

VII

If the chronicle of the Catholics seems unusually somber, it is because of the severity and suffering which manifestly predominated in their work. But there was a lighter side to their endeavors, and when the colonists from the states began to pour in, bringing a different religion, these representatives of the Pope of Rome had their fun as well as their defeats. Inevitably. Nor did they fail to afford occasional merriment to others.

In the journals of the padres, in their diaries, in their reports to the bishops, in their travelogues, in their reminiscient fireside tales, you will come upon some as delicious repartee, racy incidents, piquant wit, rippling good humor, even hilarious, side-splitting fun, as you will expect to find in the world's most prized repositories of laughter.

If one is merely in search of joyous entertainment, he could do no better than to while away an evening with "Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico,

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

a Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in Those Regions," by Abbe Domenech, a vivid book, now out of print, published in London in 1858. This very young priest came across from Lyons, France, in 1846, and what he discovered over here was a-plenty. There is a naive expression to his narrative that intrigues the unsuspecting reader from the first. One sees that he is quite impressionable, and his excruciating internal struggles, bared in this book, together with some account of his amazing physical sufferings, are nothing if not vivacious. He traveled about considerably and saw many sights and unique personalities. One story he tells is worth repeating:

An old German priest, an enthusiastic naturalist, who officiated in Braunfels and the neighboring colonies at the time, although almost blind, took it into his head to travel on foot from Braunfels to Fredericksburg for the purpose of collecting scientific curiosities along the way. He started one fine morning, his only baggage being a double pair of spectacles stuck on his nose, a tin box slung from his shoulders, and some provisions. The first day of his journey his box was filled with rare plants, and his pockets crammed with mineralogical specimens, while his hat was covered with insects fastened to it with pins. As he had killed a great many serpents of large dimensions, he knotted them together and coiled them around his body.

The next day, again, he killed a rattlesnake, seven or eight feet in length, which he also wound around

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*



STEPHEN F. AUSTIN
(From an old etching)

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

his body, and which served him as a belt. On he went in this most grotesque attire, never for a moment thinking of the picturesque and strange effect he must produce on the minds of those who should meet him. Never relaxing in his search for some new object to add to his variegated accoutrements, and keeping his eyes continually on the ground, he was nearly marching into the midst of a body of Comanches who were deer hunting at the time. This walking collection of plants, insects and reptiles, which advanced majestically toward them, so terrified them that they fled panic-stricken from it as a supernatural apparition.

The third day our friend, the German, had consumed all his provisions, and finding only a little fruit in the woods, was beginning to feel the cravings of hunger, when he descried columns of smoke proceeding from a clearing. He at once turned his step in that direction. Some redskins had pitched their camp on the spot, but, at the sight of this strange pedestrian, they began to yell and prepared at once for flight. The good priest, who employed the most significant signs with a view of arresting their flight, and tranquilizing them, succeeded in the end in making them understand that he was dying of hunger. The Indians, not daring to offend an unknown divinity, tremblingly placed before him coffee, maize and some mule's flesh, which he ate with great avidity, and like a simple mortal. This meal gave him strength enough to bring him to Fredericksburg, where he arrived on the third day, without accident

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

The singular characters and the deeds of the pioneer priests will ever remain as picturesque as those of any men who ever inhabited the Southwest, border bandits and bad men not excepted. For these priests were neither drab nor prosaic. But they were destined to give place to a race of religionists who were neither grim nor stolid, but as heroic as the world ever saw—Methodist itinerants, Baptist missionaries and other heralds of a free faith. When these came they entered the land under terms that prescribed Catholicism as the only religion to be tolerated. How religious liberty came to be achieved by these Anglo-American colonists and how religious privileges in the country came to be shared on an equal basis constitutes the sublimest element in the Southwestern epic.

BOOK THREE

WHAT THE EVANGELICALS DID
FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

WHAT THE EVANGELICALS DID FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

I

"May plough and harrow, spade and fack,
Remain the arms of Anahuac
So that her rich and boundless plains
May yearly yield all sorts of grains.
May all religious discord fall
And friendship be the creed of all.
With tolerance your pastor views
All sects of Christians, Turks and Jews;
I now demand three rousing cheers:
Great Austin's health and pioneers!"

—*Toast of Padre Muldoon at Anahuac, January 1, 1832*

Let us imagine ourselves as carried back to the scenes of 1821. A middle-aged man is riding horseback through the trackless woods. He is undersized, though compactly built, and has a small face, and a long nose. The upper lid of one of his eyes falls down over half the ball, and one looking at him might conclude he is half asleep. But only for a moment, for, weary as he is, he shifts lightly in the saddle, and a closer look convinces that he is capable of great endurance. He is clad in buck-skin vest and pants, and has moccasins on his feet. The rawhide saddle-pockets bulge out as with a big book inside. As he rides through the great wood, there is nothing about him to indicate that he is a leader of men—speaker of the house in the Arkansas territorial legislature or preacher of those "sharp-shooter" sermons that wake the listless and

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

silence the captious, or that "Methodism west of the Mississippi is more bound up in his life and labors than perhaps any other man's." Seeing him as he jogs onward beneath the August sun, the unknowing could hardly suppose that here is a revivalist, in the proper sense, one who sincerely believes the glorious and awful doctrines which he preaches, with such hope to the believer and damnation to the rejecter.

It has been four years and more since he, the first Protestant preacher ever to preach on Texas soil, first rode toward the Red River. That was back in 1817, when he had come down to visit Brother Wright, a fellow-Methodist who had recently moved out from Smith County, Tennessee. Tennessee! Anybody from Tennessee brought news from home. Had it not been in Tennessee that the rider had been converted when he was thirty-two years old, and had he not after many years as a local preacher been admitted to trial in the Tennessee Conference? Texas has a peculiar attraction for Tennesseans—a great Tennessean, Sam Houston, will some day wrest the province out of the hand of the Mexicans.

Riding, riding onward toward Jonesboro Ferry to-day, the Methodist itinerant seems very preoccupied. Often he ejaculates a prayer—he who always utters short prayers, even in camp meetings. He is thinking on the little society or class at Jonesboro. Maybe Stephen F. Austin's new colony of people from the States far down at San Felipe on the Brazos River will open the way to Protestant preaching in Texas. But

how? Does not the Mexican Constitution provide: "The religion of the Mexican Nation is, and will be, perpetually the Roman Catholic Apostolic. The nation will protect it by wise and just laws, and prohibit the exercise of any other whatsoever." Will Austin's colony stick, anyway? Austin's first attempt on Red River two years ago did not. Besides, it is rumored that this man who is fathering an Anglo-Saxon Texas, having accepted the Mexican provision which requires that the religion of the colony shall be Catholic, is averse to encouraging Protestant services. Worse still, Col. Austin gives no encouragement whatever to missions, sometime remarking, "One Methodist preacher would do more mischief in the colony than a dozen horse thieves," meaning, of course, political mischief. Many will be the settlers from the states who will push into Texas now. Shall they stultify themselves in taking the Catholic oath? Or can they do it with mental reservations? Simply recognizing the Catholic as the state religion, retaining their private religious opinions, just so they do not publicly express them? Granted this might be done, what might then be done about true worship? The fervent presiding elder ejaculates another prayer. There are other questions, too, that disturb his peace. This Jesse Haile, raising a "Haile storm" with his rash abolition demands. The presiding elder, although admitting he is thrifty, does not own any slaves, but he can see no good to come from such radical talk. Again he cries sadly to himself, "Lord, help!"

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Here is Jonesboro Ferry, and Brother Tidwell, the class leader, on the other side of Red River, spies him and halloes a gladsome welcome.

"Brother William Stevenson this is," Tidwell announces to all.

Soon they are seated at the supper table placed on the dirt floor in the ten-foot open hall between the two rooms of the double-hewed log house, and he eats bountifully of the plain food.

When he has satisfied himself with all the news of the section and inquired diligently into the state of the little Methodist class, he takes up his Bible, reads the evening lesson, prays in the family circle, then bids his hosts goodnight and lies down to rest upon a feather bed which has an under bed of prairie grass. Brother Tidwell might have heard him moaning in his sleep, "Lord, help!"

II

It is two years later—1823—that the Reverend Joseph Bays, first Baptist preacher in Texas, has been arrested for preaching in the town of San Felipe de Austin. Empresario Austin is away in Mexico at the time. The strong guard of Mexican soldiers start with Bays to San Antonio for trial. On the way they camp for a night near the springs at the head of the San Marcos River. Bays is a strong man, six feet tall, weighs over two hundred pounds. He is not afraid, but he does not welcome the prospect of bleaching in a Mexican prison. When Moses Austin, back in Mis-

souri, filled his heart with a passion for colonizing in Texas he had expected hardships. Had he not outdone Austin and arrived in Texas first? Much had he pondered on that 500-mile journey from Missouri to Texas when driving the ox-team which drew the old-fashioned sled that carried his family and household goods. How had he spent those days in the neutral ground near the Sabine while he had waited for tidings of Austin's application for a colony? He had not been idle in that vineyard of the Lord. Come back to him now the vision and emotion of those precious religious meetings in Brother Joseph Hind's home on the Texas side of the Sabine, where he had preached two years ago. All the while he had dreaded that Catholic mission at San Augustine, only eighteen miles away. But when the Catholic authorities had ordered him to discontinue the services he had done so. The settlers had thought to resist, but he had considered it not right to violate the law. Those had been days, however, which afforded many a chance to serve, even though preaching was denied. Had he not used his knowledge of medicine and nursing? When Moses Austin, heartsick from delay and ill in body, had come by from San Antonio, had he not nursed the old man out of pneumonia to strength sufficient to get him home to Missouri before dying?

Stephen F. Austin had expressed the opinion that "No evils would arise in the colony from family or neighborhood worship, or from delivery of moral lectures, provided it is not done in a way to make a

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

noise about public preaching, so as to start excited Methodist preachers, for I do say that in some instances they are too fanatic, too violent and too noisy . . .” The Catholic priests had been quite lenient, Bays had meant nothing unseemly.

But now he is under guard—he will watch for a chance. Three soldiers take him to the San Marcos springs for some water. Two of the soldiers, leaving the third to guard him, lay down their weapons to fill the water vessels. It is what he has been waiting for. He seizes one of the guns, clubs the three Mexicans into the spring, and makes his escape down the river.

The soldiers do not overtake him. On and on he wanders in the wilderness. At Joe Kendall’s, near Fort Bend, on the Brazos River, the first hut he describes on his long and lonely journey, he is presented with a horse and a brace of derringers. At last he arrives in Sabine Parish, Louisiana, where his family joins him. He will henceforth remain here as a safer place from which to conduct his preaching tours into Texas, until the war of Independence breaks out in 1836. He and his son, Henry, will then enlist under General Sam Houston, and at San Jacinto make end of all these troublesome restrictions on religious liberty.

III

In 1829, T. J. Pilgrim of New York, a young school teacher of the Baptist faith, arrives in San Felipe to become interpreter of the Spanish language. Introduced to the Empresario, Stephen F. Austin, he is re-

ceived kindly and encouraged to start a school for the children of the 300 families in the colony. Within a short time the pedagogue has at least forty pupils, "mostly boys, with expressive and intelligent countenances, easily controlled, offering indications of future usefulness."

Pilgrim soon observes that the impoverished Mexican government is not furnishing a plentiful supply of "pastors" to its colony. With such slight priestly oversight the settlers are paying poor heed to the Catholic religion. About the only attention they give it is to comply with the necessary forms in order to perfect land titles or carry on legal transactions. Moreover, the officers do not seem to care about enforcing the rigid laws relating to the Catholic faith supposed to apply to everyone. "Contemplating in imagination," Pilgrim declares, "what Texas, from its natural resources, must soon become, I feel the necessity of moral and religious, as well as intellectual, culture, and am resolved to make an effort to found a Sunday school."

He gives notice through the week-day school that on the following Sunday he will speak on the subject of a Bible School. A goodly audience assembles at the place and time appointed. His address is applauded. On the following Sabbath he organizes a Sunday school with thirty-two pupils. Intelligent teachers, both men and women, are not lacking. True, there are few appurtenances and no literature. The room, too, is not commodious. This first Sunday school

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

ever conducted in Texas meets in a log cabin, 18x22 feet in size, the roof covered with boards, held down by weight-poles; the logs are unhewn and the cracks neither chinked nor battened; the floor is dirt. The seats are logs hewn on one side. While the organizer-superintendent is a Baptist, no creedal test is proposed, and the various Christians, other than Catholics, joyfully co-operate.

The little Bible School has vitality—it lives and grows. People come to it out of the settlement as far as ten miles away. Visitors to the capital of the colony attend it in numbers, and go away with missionary zeal for a similar school. Fellow Baptists organize elsewhere the same year. Deacon William Kincheloe starts one at Wharton. For a time all fear of opposition is lost, even the sense of any possible impropriety.

Then some of the colony's citizens get into a lawsuit with intelligent Mexicans. The Mexicans from the interior arrive in San Felipe. The lawsuit turns out unfortunately for the Mexicans—they feel bitterly resentful toward the Anglo-Americans. It is a matter of law, is it? Well, what about the manifest violation of the law in the matter of this Baptist Sunday school? The Empresario is caught defenseless—he is painfully reminded of the colonization law which strictly forbids Protestant worship and prohibits him from introducing any but Catholics into the colony. He orders that the Sunday school be discontinued immediately.

IV

Now the camp meetings are going on in North Texas where William Stevenson came riding through the woods, bringing news of two worlds. They are also going on over in East Texas in 1832. There are Brother Needham J. Alford, Methodist local preacher from Louisiana, widely known as "the bull-dōg preacher," and Brother Turner Bacon, sent out by the Natchez Tract and Sunday School Society of the Old School Presbyterians. These two irrepressibles appoint a camp meeting for Milam in Sabine County. The announcement does not please Gomez Gaines, owner of the Sabine ferry and an officer of the Mexican Government. He conceives it his duty to oppose this effort. An associate, Johnson by name, on the day appointed for the meeting, appears on the ground slightly in advance of the preachers. He is armed with a long cow whip and declares he will use the whip on the first man who enters the stand.

Brother Alford comes on the scene amid confusion and threats. Jesse Parker, a friend from boyhood, approaches him and calls out:

"Nedom, I'm glad to see you—I was afraid you wouldn't come!"

During the conversation the preacher's own son breaks in:

"Pa, Mr. Johnson says the first man that goes into the stand he'll put out and cow whip."

Alford replies: "I'm as able to take a whipping as any man on this ground—I'll go on the stand and see if he'll pull me out and whip me."

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

He walks in and looks over on Johnson, who soon leaves the ground. The man actually dies, whether from apoplexy or what, is not known. Alford preaches with power—the meetings continue until Sunday night.

No sooner has the meeting started than the Commander at Nacogdoches, Col. Piedras, hears of it. He asks:

“Are they stealing horses?”

“No,” was the answer.

“Are they killing anybody?”

“No.”

“Let them alone,” the Colonel commands.

From that day there is no more opposition to Protestant preaching in that section of the country.

But prior to this, in 1831, Padre Michael Muldoon, sent to Texas to initiate “the generally heretical colonists into the sacraments of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, baptized and remarried such as assented to the duplicate ceremonies, and such as would not be kindly let alone.” Is he content with the fees he receives from the well-disposed? Is he quite unlike other priests? Or has Spain with its Inquisition taught the Mexican Catholics enough about coercion? Or is Mexico not interested in missions?

If Mexico is not interested in missions, there are those in Austin’s Colony who are. William B. Travis, who in a few months is to accept immortality at the hands of the Mexicans in the dreadful massacre of the Alamo, writes a letter to the editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*:

Page Seventy-six

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

San Felipe de Austin,
Texas, Aug. 17, 1835.

My Dear Sir:

I take the liberty of addressing you from this distant quarter of the world for the purpose of requesting you to receive my name as a subscriber of your widely circulated *Advocate*. We are very destitute of religious instruction in this extensive fine country, and the circulation of your paper here will be greatly beneficial, in the absence of the stated preaching of the Gospel. Although the exercise of religion in any form is not prohibited here, but is encouraged by the people, yet but few preachers have come among us to dispense the tidings of salvation to upwards of sixty thousand destitute souls. I regret that the Methodist church, with its excellent itinerant system, which has hitherto sent the Gospel into almost every destitute portion of the globe, should have neglected so long this interesting country. I wish you would do, me and the good cause the favor to publish such remarks as will call the attention of the reverend Bishops, the different Conferences, and the Board of Missions, to the subject of spreading the Gospel in Texas. About five educated and talented young preachers would find employment in Texas, and no doubt would produce much good in this benighted land. Texas is composed of the shrewdest and most intelligent population of any new country on earth; therefore, a preacher to do good must be respectable and talented. In sending your heralds in the four corners of the earth, remember Texas.

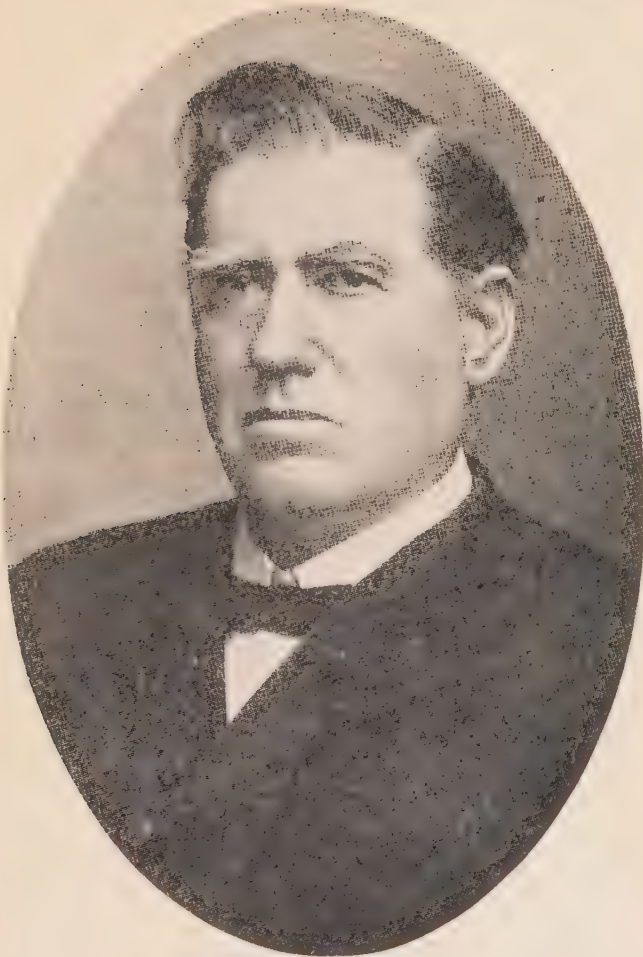
WM. B. TRAVIS.

Page Seventy-seven

It is Saturday, January 20, 1834. The Pilgrim Predestinarian Regular Baptist Church is meeting in the home of the pastor, Rev. Daniel Parker, at San Felipe. This is the first conference since organization, July 26 last, in Crawford County, Illinois. In the view of Pastor Parker there can be nothing illegal about this church because, while the Mexican colonization laws forbid the *organizing* of any but a Catholic church in Texas, there is nothing in them which prohibits the *immigrating* of one into the colony. He had been down to Texas in 1832, and after studying the situation carefully, had reached this deliberate conclusion, whereupon he had returned to Illinois and gathered a flock of seven faithfuls who had journeyed as a church body to Texas. En route four others had joined Pilgrim Church. In camp at Claiborne Parish, Louisiana, seven more had been added. At last the migration is over, and in their jubilation today they vote to meet regularly for conference at the home of their pastor on Saturday before the first Lord's day in each month for the transaction of business.

But the Pilgrim flock is not without apprehension. In October of the same year they adopt a resolution: "Whereas, it appears that the members of this church is about to scatter into different parts, The Clerke is therefore instructed to give up the Church Book to the largest body of members, who are likely to settle convenient, so as to keep up their church meetings, and so preserve the existence of the Church in this wilderness country to the Glory of God."

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*



G. C. RANKIN, D.D.
(Distinguished Methodist Pastor and Editor)

Page Seventy-nine

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

This proves next to the last conference in the bounds of Austin's Colony, and the Church moves on to Nacogdoches.

This lowly Pilgrim Church is the first Baptist church in Texas. Though it is reckoned as Hardshell, it organizes nine churches in its day—none before Texas freedom is achieved, however.

VI

There is a great stir in the town of Washington on March 2, 1836. People are thronging the blacksmith shop of the young Baptist, N. T. Byars. His anvil is silent, the forge does not glow. But there are hearts that glow and voices that ring. One of them is that of Judge Richard Ellis, a farmer from Jonesboro Ferry, or Pecan Point, as it is now called. He has heard Brother William Stevenson preach. He is from Virginia, where Baptists went to jail for the sake of religious liberty. Did not Virginia Baptists, unless Roger Williams, of Rhode Island, be an exception, endure the severest persecution of any in Colonial times? The Convention today elects Ellis to preside. Many of the delegates are university graduates—an unprecedented number of such for a pioneer convention like this.

There is no delay in appointing a committee to draft a declaration of independence. The committee is presently ready to report. The instrument which they bring charges that the Mexican government has broken faith with the colonists by failing to secure

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

them "that constitutional liberty and republican government to which they have been habituated"; has "sacrificed their welfare to the state of Coahuila"; has dissolved the state government by force of arms; has incited the Indians against them; has levied unjust taxes; has unjustly imprisoned Austin; has refused trial by jury; has "failed to establish any public system of education"; "has continually exhibited every characteristic of a weak, corrupt and tyrannical government," and has *denied the Texans freedom of conscience*. The instrument is unanimously adopted.

The Convention proceeds to write a constitution. There are those who believe so strongly in separation of church and state that they wish the provision that ministers of the gospel and priests shall be made ineligible to the presidency or to Congress. The measure is extreme—it will deny a seat to Rev. Daniel Parker, though he is duly elected—but these pioneers who have galled under the domination of ecclesiasticism will have none of its political machinations in a free state.

They choose for commander-in-chief Sam Houston, who but recently has appeared in the colony, from Tennessee, who very abruptly left the governor's office in that state, bidding his pretty wife good-bye with the statement, "Madame, you may go to hell, I'm going to Texas." He will not always be thus intemperate, for the gospel will subdue him, and President Rufus C. Burleson, of Baylor University, will in a few years lead him down into the crystal pool, where

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

he will be emblematically buried to his old rash life. While the convention trembles now for the fate of the garrison in the Alamo at San Antonio, they resolve upon the stiffest action. They want a leader who has fought with General Andrew Jackson at Horse Shoe and New Orleans, so they elect Houston. They adjourn on Friday till Monday to give time for the work of the committees, but on Sunday, March 6, they re-assemble to hear the reading of a letter sent out on March 3 by Col. Travis, in command of the 182 Texans at the Alamo. His letter:

Commandancy of the Alamo,
Bejar, Feb'y 24th, 1836.

To the People of Texas and all Americans in the world:

Fellow citizens and compatriots—I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual Bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then, I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcement daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

myself as long as possible and die like a soldier, who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. VICTORY OR DEATH.

WILLIAM BARRET TRAVIS,
Lt. Col. Comdt.

P. S.—The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses 80 or 90 bushels and got into the walls 20 or 30 head of Beeves.
TRAVIS.

Even while the members of the Convention are listening to the reading of Travis' letter, unknown to them, the Alamo is being stormed. Sick Bowie has asked his comrades to carry him across the line which Travis has drawn with his sword when he bade all who were willing to die rather than surrender to cross over. Now the Mexicans in overwhelming numbers are assaulting the walls from three directions at once; now they are swarming through the breaches; now the four Texans who have not fallen are ordered shot by Santa Anna, Mexican Dictator, "Napoleon of the West."

Mrs. Almerion Dickinson, wife of a lieutenant of the garrison, one of three surviving women, arrives in a few days to tell the awful details. Her trust is in the Lord, though she must wait to join the church until there is one she can join, and then Dr. Burleson will baptize her. She tells how on that fateful Sunday morning just as the Sabbath bells of the missions and

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

convents in San Antonio were calling the devout to prayer, by the command of the treacherous Santa Anna, 5,000 men, many of whom the Texans had only a few weeks before paroled under agreement that they should return to Mexico and never take up arms against the Texans again, came with their cannons, muskets, crowbars and scaling ladders, rushing like fiends upon the emblackened walls of the Alamo. Her baby girl is but six weeks old, yet she has been making bandages for the wounded in the siege which has lasted since February 22. She has also cooked the food for the soldiers. With that first terrible onslaught in the storming she sees the gashed bosom of her prostrate husband and hears his expiring gasp, "God bless you, wife; take care of our babe!" The chapel, where chants and prayers have echoed softly, clangs with the martial din, and at 12 o'clock the bright sun looks down on the prone bodies of men who eclipsed the glory of Leonidas and his immortal three hundred.

At twilight, with her babe in her arms, she goes forth with a pitcher of water to see perchance if she may refresh a dying hero. But they are all dead—Travis, Bonham, Bowie and the rest. She finds Crockett in the little confessional room, lying dead in a huge pile of dead Mexicans about him.

Santa Anna places her astride a mule with her baby in her arms—both mother and child bespattered with blood—and bids her go, thus to strike terror to the hearts of the Texans. She rides into the encampment

of her people, crying, "They all died fighting for liberty!" When they have tenderly cared for her, General Sam Houston speaks: "Thermopolae had her messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none, and if Santa Anna conquers let no Texan soldier ever cross the Sabine as the messenger of our defeat."

VII

It is thirteen days since the Alamo has fallen. Fannin and his three hundred and fifty men are in retreat from Goliad—too late! Seven miles out they are surrounded by an army 1,500 strong, under General Urrea. The prairie affords no protection of any kind, and there is no water. The Texans resist with all their power, but soon their cannon are utterly useless, with no water to sponge them. The Mexicans and their Indian allies charge again and again, only to be repulsed under the rifle fire with deadly loss. At last the Texans are surrounded; seven are killed, sixty wounded—it is annihilation or surrender. They surrender. The Mexicans have lost two hundred, a hundred more are wounded, and they are very glad to have a truce. Articles of agreement are drawn up in writing: The Texans are to be treated as prisoners of war, paroled and sent home.

Instead the Texans are marched back to Goliad and, in violation of this covenant, General Urrea orders them shot. Eighty-two contrive, however, in various ways to escape, even some at the very moment of

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

execution. In a book published in 1842, six years after, A. T. Myrth describes the scene, particularly Fannin's death, and adds:

"In the last lot came two Baptist preachers who went on exhorting their comrades. When they had reached the place where they were to suffer, the eldest called upon his companions to join him in prayer. Not one refused. Even many of the Mexicans, though unable to understand his language, fell on their knees in imitation of the Texans. Then, with an enthusiasm of which it is impossible for anyone who was not an eye-witness to form an idea, the elder called upon God, saying:

" 'We return unto thee, O Mighty Being, who from high heaven directest all things for thy greatest glory. This body which thou gavest us is now a falling sacrifice because we have asserted the rights of freedom and the liberty of the Holy Gospel; but, Oh! vouchsafe thou to receive our spirits into thy bosom, and grant true freedom to this land which has drunk the blood of our companions in arms. Deliver it from the darkness that overshadows it, and inspire the people with repentance for their deeds of cruelty. Thy martyrs we are, but we lay it not to their charge. Let not our death be visited upon them. We, who bleed beneath their knife, beg it of thee!'

"Here he was interrupted by the voice of the commander, who in a rage called out, in Spanish:

" 'Fire! Fire! Finish with them!'

"But yet, as the bullets whistled, and his companions fell around him, the preacher lifted up toward heaven his arms, now reddened with gore, and said:

"'We come unto thee! We come, O Lord! O God of heaven, look down upon us! In thee we die!'

"He had no time to continue, for one of the dragoons, running up to him, cleft his head at one single stroke, frightfully hacking the dying and the dead, soon and this assassin was followed by his comrades, who achieved what their guns had left unfinished."

VIII

April 21, 1836, comes, forty-six days since the fall of the Alamo and thirty-three since the massacre of Goliad. The Texans under General Sam Houston have retreated to the mouth of San Jacinto River on Buffalo Bayou, twelve miles southeast of Houston. Santa Anna is flushed with his victories. The armies clash with unspeakable fury—seven hundred Texans, fifteen hundred Mexicans. The death grapple lasts but thirty minutes. For the Texans cry, "Remember the Alamo; remember Goliad!" They are invincible and irresistible. The Mexicans flee, crying, "Me no Alamo, me no Goliad!" Half the Mexican army is killed and the rest captured. Santa Anna is a prisoner. Texas is free!

General Edward Burleson is there to rejoice. Rev. Joseph Bays and his son are there. Byars is not, for he has stayed by his forge to help in the making of munitions of war. Gail Borden, who married Eli

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Mercer's daughter, and will be the first Baptist convert to be baptized in Texas, is not there, for the Mexicans just the other day seized his mule-wagon, in which he carried his outfit with which to print the *Telegraph*, first Texas newspaper, herald of the news of the Alamo and Goliad. In their rage the Mexicans burned it, scraped up the type and ashes and threw them into the San Jacinto River. But after the battle Borden quickly buys a new press, gives the paper a new christening and *The Texas Telegraph and Star* at once tells the world of the glorious results of the war and of the organization of the Republic of Texas. In it he prints General Houston's letter to the people of Texas: "By the blessing of God the war is over. The Mexicans are driven beyond the Rio Grande. Return home, rebuild your homes and fences, plant corn, be free, prosperous and happy."

BOOK FOUR

WHAT HAPPENED UNDER THE TOUCH
OF A POWERFUL HAND

WHAT HAPPENED UNDER THE TOUCH OF A POWERFUL HAND

I

Rejoice, O Texas, in your liberty!
The thunder of your guns hath girded round
The world. Southward the tyrants ye shall hound,
And havoc cry among them as they flee.
O stay, white pull, and carry over sea
The word that freedom now her home hath found.
To us shall Europe send her treaties bound
In gold, America proclaim us free,
Lo, in the East a light, the day hath dawned
Where from the West the ancient night is dying.
And from the uncertain crowd, whose gropings mar
Her plan, and through the venturous rabble spawned
By Chance on her, emerges Houston—crying—
Burly and strong, "On, Texas, with thy star!"
—Stark Young, "*The Republic*."

Travis, "who opens unto death as one that hears Christ calling through the dawn," has not appealed to his brethren across the Great River in vain. Many beyond the Mississippi have looked yearningly on Texas not merely as a place to invest money and seek fortunes but as a place to invest lives and seek souls. The denomination mission boards, at the rising of the Lone Star Republic, suddenly turn their attention to its welcome and promise.

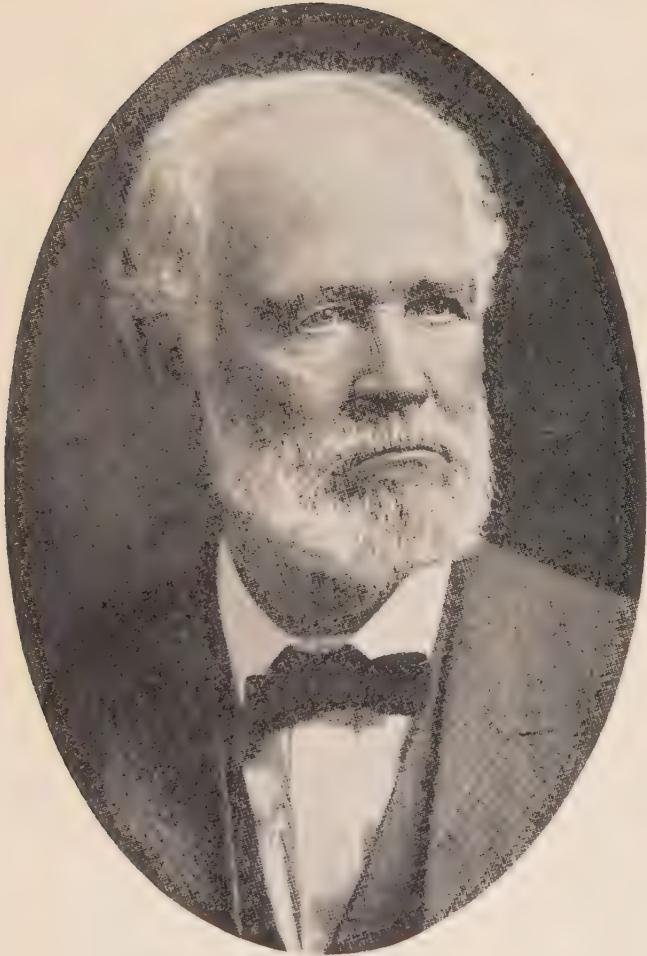
When news of the decisive battle of San Jacinto reached the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in session at Cincinnati, Ohio, in May, 1836, the delegates were overjoyed. The press of the nation had long been filled with stories about

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

the country of Texas, lately the newspapers had carried accounts of the heroic struggle with Mexico, and Protestants had written many letters to the folks at home in the States. A great and effectual door had now providentially been opened to the gospel. One member of the Methodist Conference in particular felt such a distinct call to Texas that he volunteered on the spot. He was Dr. Martin Ruter, president of Alleghany College, at Meadville, Pennsylvania, a man of frail body but burning heart. So eager was he to be off that he could scarcely await the decision of the church's foreign mission board to appoint him as superintendent of missions in Texas. At length, when all minds were satisfied that the freedom of Texas was measurably secure, he departed. But after bestowing his family at New Albany, Indiana, in July, 1837, he discovered to his chagrin that he would have to linger until frost should allay the scourge of yellow fever in the South.

He came down in the Fall by boat, landed at Rodney, Louisiana, and rode into Texas on horseback. Thrall, the Texas historian, says that Dr. Ruter rode a large black horse, always "in a sweeping trot." The superintendent's motto was, "The King's business requireth haste." Upon arriving in Texas he resolved to visit all the scattered Methodist societies or classes which had been formed in colonial days by various types of ministers. Through rain and mud, through biting northers and frosty mornings he rode. Very quickly—December 18, 1837—he reports to his mis-

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*



JAMES BENTON GAMBRELL, D.D., LL.D.
Baptist Editor, Teacher and State Mission Secretary

Page Ninety-three

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

sion board that he has planned the immediate formation of three circuits: The Houston, Washington and San Augustine. Throughout the winter he rode onward, holding quarterly meetings, home services, organizing churches and preaching among the settlements. He kept a journal and every day his entries read: "Rode . . . rode . . . rode . . . rode . . . rode . . ."

But in the spring he died from exhaustion. All those months he had ridden with body racked with pain. This zealous minister, believed to be the first Methodist preacher in America to receive the honorary degree of D.D., and that from an old established university, had been eaten up by his missionary passion. But how marvelous had been the results of his labors! In his last report to his mission board in New York, dated Washington, Texas, April 26, 1838, forwarded after his death, he says: "Our present numbers are twenty societies, three hundred and twenty-five members, twelve local preachers, six of whom are elders and three exhorters. In San Augustine, Nacogdoches, this town, Cedar Creek and Caney Creek, we have church buildings in progress or soon to be commenced. In San Augustine, Washington and Nacogdoches we have regular Sabbath schools. We have taken steps toward founding a college." He adds in a footnote that the church at Washington has just completed its building and purchased a library of 150 volumes.

No wonder they named the college for him, that he is called the Father of Texas Methodism! If John

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

the Baptist lived his life in order to preach six months and prepare the way for the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, Ruter the Methodist apparently lived his life in order to preach six months and prepare the way for the success of the Texas Methodism! He represents, too, the outreach of a powerful hand—that of the denominational mission board—under whose mighty touch Christianity awoke to strength in the Southwest.

II

Upon the organization of the first regular Missionary Baptist Church in Texas, at Washington in 1837, a committee was appointed to correspond with the mission boards North and East, and request that Texas be taken into consideration as a mission field. The committee consisted of Judge James R. Jenkins, a native of Georgia, Rev. Z. N. Morrell, born in Tennessee, and Rev. A. Buffington, who had come out from South Carolina after stopping in Tennessee for a time. Their appeal, sent to all the denominational papers published within the bounds of the Triennial Baptist Convention of the United States, aroused widespread interest. Texas being a foreign field, the Committee addressed their communication to the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions in the United States. Parts of that address are most illuminating as to the religious situation in the Southwest:

“Dear Brethren: It hath pleased God in his providence to cast our lots in this vast wilderness of the West. We are from various parts of your

Page Ninety-five

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

happy land, the United States. We look on you as our mother country. As the son to the father, we present our complaints to you. Will you hear us? It is our cause, it is your cause, and it is the cause of God to which we invite your consideration.

"We will not attempt to set forth the duties of the children of God, for that you have found in your Bibles. Nor will we attempt to excite your better feelings, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. We will state facts, and leave the event with you and your God.

"There are about 500,000 square miles in our Republic, and, perhaps, 100,000 souls. There is but one organized Baptist church in our country, and that consisting of only nine members; two Baptist ministers, and they are necessarily confined at home in discharge of the duties they owe their families. There is not one itinerant Baptist minister in our whole country. Perhaps one-half of our fellow citizens do not hear preaching once in six months, and many of them have never heard a gospel sermon since they have been in Texas.

"Moreover, brethren, though there are 1,000 souls entering our government as immigrants every week, there is, perhaps, not more than one orderly Baptist minister for every twenty thousand.

"Our Methodist and Presbyterian friends have commenced the good work. They have several missionaries among us. They have watched for some time, and embraced the favored hour. They know that society is now being formed. They know that early impressions are the most lasting; and they know that 'a strong man armed keepeth his palace until a stronger than he cometh.'

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

"Here we have Atheists, Deists, Universalists, and men of every sect; but all agree in this, that they are fighting against God and his cause; and they are preparing for a heavy contest, being armed with much information on all subjects. We need men of understanding, of deep research, of giant intellect, clothed with the spirit of the gospel as a garment, that they may confound all our opposers, disseminate light, establish the church, and be the means of pulling down the strongholds of Satan and building up the Kingdom of God.

"Dear brethren, that this great and desirable object may be accomplished, we ask your aid and assistance. We want ministers of the gospel sent amongst us, true men; men who can rightly divide the word of truth, and give to each his portion in due season, and rather men of families, that they may settle amongst us, help to give tone to society, and give themselves wholly to the ministry. We do not wish you to bear all the burden. We are willing to act in conjunction with you, and we hope and believe by your assistance at present that the time will soon come when we will be able to hold up the hands of our ministers, when we shall see Baptist churches constituted and established throughout our country, and converts flocking to them as doves to the windows."

Among the Baptist newspapers which printed this appeal, together with a strong editorial indorsement, was the *Christian Index*, of Georgia. In fact, the paper kept directing the attention of the American Baptist Home Mission Society to this need in the Southwest. The power of the printed page has seldom

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

showed itself more distinctly than in the effect upon Rev. Jesse Mercer, for whom Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, is named. Reading the appeal, he sent the Home Mission Society his check for \$2,500 and urged the immediate appointment of missionaries to the new Republic.

The Board, moving with that prudence which characterized all its work in the South at the time, carefully considered whom it might elect. Among all ministers, Rev. Z. N. Morrell, already on the field, working with apostolic fervor, surely would be acceptable. This is the man who, upon his arrival in Nacogdoches in 1836, had summoned the motley crowd together at a street corner by crying, "Oh—yes! Oh—yes! Oh—yes! Everybody that wants to buy, without money and without price, come this way!" When he had drawn his audience together, he had preached to them from the text in Isaiah 35: 1, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." He had preached elsewhere when the Indians had attacked the crude building while he was declaring the gospel of peace and reconciliation. He was a man of culture as well as courage, already prominent in the life of the new nation and destined to be one of its great builders. But unfortunately for the Home Mission Board, he had just been called to the pastorate of the little church in the capital at Washington and for other reasons perhaps, of which we know not, he felt constrained to decline.

III

The Board then turned to Rev. James Huckins, of New Hampshire, graduate of Brown University, also of Andover, who, by his useful services in Georgia, had won the hearts of Southern Baptists. In January, 1840, he and his lovely, cultured wife arrived in Texas. This young man, just entering his thirties, started upon his work with much zest. To the deep gratitude of subsequent generations, he kept a diary of his labors and impressions. He also frequently wrote letters, of which a portion of one to Jesse Mercer, whom he addresses as "venerable father," is quite informing:

"Arrived at Galveston on the 25th ult., and contrary to my expectations have been detained until now. Galveston is an island thirty miles long, and from two to four miles wide, the surface of which is elevated a few feet above high water, presenting to the eye of the traveler a vast plain with scarcely a tree or scrub to relieve the vision. The city of Galveston lies on the eastern part of the island, where three years ago stood only one solitary dwelling, but now not less than 600 houses can be seen, while the population numbers 3,000. Ships, steamboats and smaller vessels lining the wharves; warehouses and shops studding the streets; new buildings daily rising in every part of the city; the streets thronged with business men and with crowds of strangers, all evince great enterprise and seem to betoken a great mercantile and commercial city. My determinations at first were to spend one day only in this place, but on touching the wharf I was seized by an old acquaintance, who, after expressing his joy at meeting me,

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

informed me that not only several of my old acquaintances, but two of the members of my late church were residents of the city. On meeting with these I was urged to spend one Sabbath, if no more, with them, and to collect and organize the scattered sheep of Christ's flock. To this solicitation I at once yielded, and the Presbyterian clergyman (whose church is just organized) kindly invited me to occupy his place for meeting on Sabbath night. I preached. The place was crowded to overflowing, and numbers with dejected spirits were forced to leave for want of room. Never in any place have I met a congregation more respectable in their appearance, whose countenances exhibited more intelligence and cultivation, or who heard the word of life with more interest and apparent devotion, than on this occasion. At the close of the service, I announced the object of my mission, and requested all members of Baptist churches and all partial to Baptist sentiment to tarry a few moments after the benediction. About twenty-five remained, twelve of whom gave their names as members of Baptist churches in good standing, and requested to be organized into a church of Christ. The next Thursday night was appointed as a time to be set apart for presenting their letters, and for the examination of candidates. When Thursday came, in addition to the little band present on the previous occasion, one of the most reputable men in the republic, accompanied by his wife, came forward and desired the ordinance of baptism. The wife of this brother was a Mercer—a granddaughter of the late Rev. Thomas Mercer. This brother and his wife have loved the cause of Christ for years, and have been waiting and pray-

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

ing for more than ten years for some servant of Christ of their own faith to come and preach to them the word of life and to baptize them, and I was the first they had seen or heard. For five years they never saw a minister of Christ, or had the privilege of attending a religious meeting, but they have not spent these years of solitude and affliction as many who are members of churches in the United States have done since their residence in this republic, in hunting and fishing on the Sabbath and in open vice during the week. No! Though they could not find a single individual to join them, yet they have been accustomed to spend their Sabbaths in reading and prayer; to consecrate the day most sacredly to the Lord, and to maintain prayer in their own family. The gratitude and joy which they evinced in being favored with the privilege of receiving the ordinance of baptism and of becoming members of a church are beyond description.

“‘Oh,’ says the sister, ‘how long have I prayed for this, and hoped for this, and now the Lord is giving it!’

“The evening was spent in reading letters and in hearing religious experiences until a late hour. And then it was hard indeed to part. It was a season of joy and tears, and was acknowledged to have been given in answer to prayer. The public recognition was agreed upon to take place on the next Sabbath, and all were exhorted to spend the intervening time in prayer to God, so that their public consecration might be connected with the inward consecration of the Spirit.

“On the Sabbath the services were awfully solemn. Many tears were shed and many hearts

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

beat high with holy emotions. Tuesday last at three o'clock was the time set apart for baptism. The ordinance took place on the south side of the island. The day was fine and the congregation was numerous. The grandeur of the scenery conspired with the moral sublimity of the occasion to awaken the strongest and most thrilling emotions. On one side as far as the eye could reach lay the vast prairies, on the other the boundless expanse of ocean, lashing with its deep blue waters the ground on which we stood. There, too, was to be heard the sound of the ever-rolling billows, resembling the 'distant voice of God.' These all conspired to make us feel the majesty and power of that God in whose name we had assembled.

"The services opened by prayer. Every heart began to soften. Said a good Virginian—a Baptist: 'I never witnessed a scene like this.'

"God was indeed there. Next followed the hymn,

"'Jesus and shall it ever be,

A mortal man ashamed of Thee?'

"The candidates present were Gail Borden, the brother of whom I have spoken, his wife and her sister. The brother first received the ordinance, and on coming out of the water, professor and non-professor pushed forward with streaming eyes and feelings too deep for utterance to give him their hands. Then his wife, with her sister, followed him into the watery grave. After baptizing these two sisters, we proceeded together to the shore, and a brother by blood, who had just tasted of the love of Jesus, came forward weeping and praising God, while shouting,

"'My sisters! My sisters! I rejoice with you! My sisters!'

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

"And all three, embracing each other, stood weeping, not able to vent their feelings but by tears.

"O my Father, there was not an eye present, however unused to tears, but filled; not a heart, however hard, but began to melt.

"I endeavored, as soon as my own feelings and those of the congregation would allow me to speak, to point the congregation to Jesus and to warn them to prepare for the last day. The congregation dispersed in too solemn a mood for conversation, disposed to commune with their own hearts.

"Thus passed the first baptismal scene which was ever witnessed this side of the Mississippi, on the Gulf of Mexico. Tonight we have another meeting of the church. Two are to unite with us, then our little band will number thirteen. There are others, members of the Baptist churches in the city and vicinity, some of whom will unite soon, and others who must first show the fruits of repentance and become moral in their lives before they can be received; for our church, God helping them, are destined to receive none unless upon the most satisfactory evidence. Next Lord's day we expect to receive ten or twelve brethren of color, who are well recommended.

"Next week I must leave for the interior. But how can I do it! A congregation of from 400 to 600 might be collected in the course of a few weeks amongst whom are some of the most respectable and influential families in the Republic; a congregation, too, which would bear a comparison for intelligence with almost any congregation in the United States—a congregation which exhibits a very strong interest in the gospel. Oh, could you hear the entreaties which come from our little

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Tryon, doubtless the mightiest pulpiteer of all the revered group of the period, employed his time and energies to achieve immediate and most significant results. At the 1841 meeting of Union Association at Clear Creek, he proposed the formation of the Texas Baptist Education Society. This society fostered the founding of a Texas Baptist University. W. M. Tryon and R. E. B. Baylor were appointed to procure a charter. Baylor, "a lawyer who held district court during the day and preached at night," says: "It is due Brother Tryon to say that the thought originated with him to establish a Baptist University in this country. He suggested the idea to me. I fell in with it. We prepared a memorial to the Congress of the Republic of Texas. As I was most familiar with such things, I dictated the memorial and he wrote as I suggested." The members of the Education Society thought to call the University in honor of Tryon, but through Tryon's insistence they finally settled on the name of Baylor.

The spiritual destitution appeared so dire that Tryon, in 1841, toured the States in behalf of Southwest missions. He raised \$3,000 to build a church in Houston and recruited what Morrell called "a boat load of Baptist preachers for Texas"—seventeen missionaries, to be exact. Upon his return he gave himself actively to the pastorate of the church in Houston, which at once became unified and very aggressive in spiritual conquest. About this time he began to agitate the organization of a Baptist State Conven-

tion—which was to become a reality at Anderson, September 8, 1848, a little over a year after his death. He died at Houston November 16, 1847, of yellow fever, said to have been contracted when visiting in the home of his beloved member, Isaac Van Zandt, who, while canvassing the state for the governorship, was stricken with the scourge from which he also died. In a very real sense Tryon died a martyr in service, for he was going among all the afflicted people, even as to the home of the statesman. His death brought grief to thousands throughout the United States, especially in the South, for the Southern Baptist Convention, organized in 1845, claimed him as one of its missionaries on the basis of its Home Board's co-operative missions. Rev. J. H. Stribling, a mighty man of the time, said of him: "Among all the men in Texas whom we have lost, the loss of none has been felt so deeply over the state as that of Tryon, and naturally so. He was a pioneer leader, the founder of many churches and the great leader and founder of our educational interests."

V

Upon receiving news of Tryon's death, and the request of Houston Church for a successor to be appointed, the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention asked Rev. Rufus C. Burleson to go to Houston and take charge of the church there. Burleson, a former student in the University at Nashville and more recently a graduate of the Western

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Baptist Theological Seminary, Covington, Ky., had, upon receiving his diploma, vowed to dedicate his life to Texas. His cousin, General Edward Burleson, might have influenced him somewhat in this decision. But at any rate he owed to an unmistakable call. When he landed on Galveston Island, he fell down on the sands and cried, "Oh, God, give me Texas for Jesus, or I die!" He had been notified of the joint action of the Houston Church and the Southern Baptist Home Mission Board while visiting in his father's home near Decatur, Ala. The journey to Texas had been full of misgivings as to his ability to fill Tryon's place, but he had spent the hours on the boat in studying the lives of great pioneers of history, if possible to learn how to avoid mistakes and live to the greatest ends. Well for a young man of twenty-four!

Three years and a half he spent in the pastorate of the Houston Church—years of gratifying growth for both church and pastor. Then Baylor University, at Independence, called him as president. Here he wrought for ten years, and also served much of the time in the capacity of pastor of the church at Independence, baptizing, among other notable converts, General Sam Houston. President of Waco University for thirty-five years, of Baylor University after its removal to Waco for a number of years, organizer and chief personage in the Baptist General Association of Texas, leader in consolidating the two Baptist State bodies in 1886, pioneer in co-education in the South, agent of the Peabody fund in Texas, in-

strumental in founding the Sam Houston College for Teachers and the University of Texas, organizer of the State Teachers' Association, during his long life his activities were so varied and so important as to make him for most of his residence in Texas the first citizen of the Southwest. Prelate of the people, noble churchman, under God's appointing and man's consent, he stood like a landmark pointing inflexibly the way, and is dead as to the mortal part but lives still and will never pass away.

VI

The period from 1816 to 1845 in the history of American Christianity was one in which anti-missionism, supported by hyper-Calvinism, fought all efforts to extend Christianity to the regions beyond. There is no opportunity here to detail the specific instances, but there were many who expressed the intensity and persistence of the fight against missions. In Texas the Baptists particularly were obstructed by the anti-missionists. But the work of the Home Mission Board saved the day for evangelical Christianity. Among the Baptists, the very formation of the denomination—and for that matter, in the State the actual shaping of society—was due largely to the fine men sent to the new country by the Home Mission Board—James Huckins, William M. Tryon, Rufus C. Burleson, J. W. D. Creath, Z. N. Morrell, who finally accepted service under the Southern Baptist Home Mission Board, and N. T. Byars, organizer

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

of the First Baptist Church of Waco, the patriot in whose blacksmith shop was hammered out and adopted the Texas Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. The same must be said of the Methodists who took the lead through their great mission board, sending out such men as Dr. Martin Ruter, Rev. Robert Alexander, Rev. Littleton Fowler, founder of the Houston Church, Rev. Joseph P. Sneed, Rev. T. O. Summers, first pastor at Galveston, Bishop Waugh, organizer of the Texas Conference, at Rutersville, December 25, 1840, and other illustrious Methodist fathers. The Presbyterians point to Rev. Hugh Wilson, founder of their church at San Augustine in 1838, to Rev. Daniel Baker, who came two years later, whose name is perpetuated in a college at Brownwood, and to others whose lives were equally fruitful. When two additional missionary bishops of the Episcopal Church were sent to Texas, it was declared that the territory was "a sea vast enough for a college of apostles." The remarkable progress of the Disciples in Texas has been directly traceable to the activity of their mission boards. In the words of the Constitution of the Southern Baptist Convention, the purpose of Christian organization is "to elicit, combine and direct the energies of the denomination for the propagation of the Gospel." The anti-mission churches have practically disappeared from the land through failure to propagate their gospel. What would be the state of the Southwest today if it had not felt

the touch of the mighty hand extended by the Home Mission Boards?

This principle of co-operation, exhibited among the New Testament Churches in the Christian conquest of the Roman Empire, was again gloriously demonstrated in the spiritual conquest of the Southwest. Nor was Christian co-operation lacking among the various sects at work on the mission field. The intermingling of the denominational leaders was surprisingly frequent and fraternal. Occasionally a fervent preacher, it is true, would write down his private feelings—especially if what he wrote was not for the eyes of the world. The Rev. James H. Addison, one of three famous ministerial brothers, sons of one of the very earliest Methodist itinerants, wrote his younger brother after a visit to Waco in 1854: "Methodism received a fresh impetus here, and I think it is so well established that nothing can move it now—not even the combined powers of the Baptists and the Devil." Which reminds one of Congressman B. G. Lowry's story concerning a backwoods Baptist church. Following the Civil War, when a candidate for membership approached, the pastor would ask: "Are you a Democrat?" The candidate would promptly answer, "Yes." Then the pastor would ask, "Do you believe all the Methodists are going to hell?" Upon the candidate's affirmation that he did, the motion would pass unanimously that he be received!

This attitude, however, was more applicable to the fifties and later than to the forties and thirties. In

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

the earlier times, opposition more often came from impudent worldings than from one's religious competitors.

In that very readable book, long since out of print, entitled "Fruits and Flowers in Texas," by Z. N. Morrell, is the chronicle of what happened in the capital of the Republic, Old Washington, in 1838:

"Our meetings on Sunday were very regularly kept up, and the prayer meetings continued. About midway between my residence and the little house of worship, and about sixty yards from each place, in the principal grocery in town, an opposition prayer meeting was organized. At first they did not interfere with our meeting. All the crowd would attend ours, and immediately after it was closed they would gather in the grocery, and the leader of the band would open in due form. Our services were imitated to the best of their ability. Our names, who led in public prayer, were called at the grocery with a loud, clear voice, and parties there responded with prayers and exhortations. . . . There was no law then that we could use to break down this great evil, that was so fearfully contagious in its character. The bread and wine, emblems of a Savior's love, were frequently administered by these mockers of God and religion, before the public gaze.

"Elder Robert Alexander, the first missionary from the Methodist Episcopal Church, had come to Washington the previous year, and had preached on several occasions. Dr. Smith, a Protestant Methodist, had fallen in among us. Two Cumberland Presbyterian preachers arrived—Roark and Andrew McGowan. . . . These preachers were now

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*



GEORGE W. TRUETT

Page One Hundred Thirteen

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

present, intending to hold a protracted meeting. This was the first meeting of days ever held in the town, and it was rather more than the friends and mockers could willingly submit to.

"The house in which they proposed to hold the meeting was a vacated billiard room on Main Street, with a long gallery in front. On the second night of the meeting there was a general attendance of the citizens, loafers and gamblers of the place. We soon discovered that the disturbers of our peace on former occasions were present, with the purpose of interfering with the worship of the congregation, without the fear of God or man before their eyes. A man was stationed outside of the house, just behind where the preacher stood, with chicken by the neck. When the congregation would sing he would make it squall. A large copper-colored negro man was stationed on the gallery in front with some twenty or more of these lewd fellows around him, partly intoxicated. When the congregation sang and the hen squalled, the negro acting under orders, would put his head in at the window and shout at the top of his voice, 'Glory to God!' The response from the outside was given, 'amen and amen.'

"I was sitting near by the window from whence the disturbance came. My wife and daughter were near by me. I arose and stood by the window, with the walking cane in my hand that I had brought from Tennessee, made of hickory, with a buck-horn head. My bosom heaved with holy indignation, and as the negro put his head into the window the second time, and as the congregation sang and the hen squalled, I struck him just above the left eye, making a scar that he carried to his grave.

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

. . . After the stroke with the cane they were peremptorily ordered away, with the statement that there were more dangerous weapons behind. It had been customary with us, since the Indians killed two of our men during religious service at New Nashville the year before, to take our weapons with us to church, as well as to other places. Some usually stood guard, while others worshiped. There was no further disturbance of consequence. The sermon was preached by Mr. Roark, Mr. Alexander closed."

Ah, those days of spiritual unity, when believing hearts were drawn together by fierce conflict with those from without! Not that believers held to their convictions less firmly but they were bound by bonds of a more meaningful brotherhood! Days, too, when hard pressed Christians in the wilderness felt the outreach of the mighty, loving hand of the mission board in the East.

BOOK FIVE

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE ARMIES
GOT UNDER WAY

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE ARMIES GOT UNDER WAY

I

Faith of our fathers, tried as gold,—
Faith of the Tryons, Creaths and Cranes,—
Of Huckins, Baylor, Morrell bold,
Great Houston, Burleson, and Baines,—
O men of old, who bled to give
Us room to stand—your faith shall live!

Faith of our fathers, wrought in deed
By men like Pilgrim, Byars, Law,
Who broke the sod and sowed the seed
And cleared the land of savage claw,—
Oh, faith that strove and burned to give
Us Church and School—that faith shall live!

Faith of our fathers later seen,
In Carroll, Buckner, Gambrell, too,
Whose faces flash from heaven's sheen—
Conservers all, we know how true!
Oh, faith for which they joyed to give
Their lives in full—that faith shall live!

Faith of our fathers, fire us still
When comes the testing of our zeal,—
The crisis choice for good or ill;
Oh, rouse each doubting heart to feel
We cannot fail—make glad to give
And save, so that our faith shall live.

—*Joseph Martin Dawson, "Our Faith Shall Live."*

Audubon, the famous naturalist, upon the occasion of his visit to the Texas capital in 1838, expressed great respect for the orderly, parliamentary procedure of Congress and the administrative capacity of Presi-

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

dent Houston, but could not conceal his revulsion at the saloons, the muddy streets and the crude buildings. Of course, we know that the Republic began in a state of bankruptcy with which it struggled almost hopelessly, and we have seen, too, how utterly neglected had been the spiritual needs of the people during Colonial times. Such religious destitution had stirred the more thoughtful and impelled them to appeal to the mission boards for relief. The prompt response of American churches not only saved Texas to Christianity but redeemed Texas society. The high type of missionaries sent forth introduced an incomparable influence into Southwestern civilization. Incidentally, it may be remarked, that while the Baptists were tardy in getting organized, leaving the honors of first setting up Protestant churches in the new territory to the Methodists, Presbyterians and others, the superiority of Baptists in numbers today and their marked leadership in the life of the State are accounted for by the large group of strong, educated men furnished by the Home Mission Board in answer to the Macedonian cry of the little Baptist church in Washington in 1837.

With the coming of statehood in 1845 and with the cleavage of the denominations into Northern and Southern divisions in the same period, the Christian armies began to get under strong headway in the Southwest. We have noted that the Methodists organized their Texas Conference at Rutersville December 25, 1840, and that the Baptists held their first

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

State Convention at Anderson, September 8, 1848. These have since been the two big popular denominations in Texas. At one time a national magazine described Texas as "a great, beautiful, dry, windy, cotton, cattle, Methodist, live oak state." Now H. L. Mencken in his *American Mercury* classifies it as belonging in the Baptist Bible belt, which disturbs the Baptists not at all.

II

Up to the Mexican War the Archbishopric of Baltimore was the only metropolitan see of the Roman Catholics in the United States, but about two months after the conquest of New Mexico by General Kearney, the see of St. Louis was instituted. The newly acquired areas of vast numbers of Catholics soon inclined the hierarchy to send a bishop to New Mexico. This was John B. Lamy, who crossed the plains from St. Louis to Santa Fe twelve times, and in 1853 went to Rome to appeal to the pope for more laborers. He is revered today as one of Rome's sainted heroes of the faith, and now Santa Fe is the seat of an Archbishopric, just as San Antonio in Texas has been since January, 1927.

The first Protestant missionaries who entered New Mexico before the middle of the last century were stoned in the Santa Fe plaza for preaching the gospel. From the hand of one of these a Bible fell, and it was picked up by a man who read it and by it was converted. On November 20, 1853, Benigno Cardenas,

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

reputed to be the first licensed Spanish Protestant preacher in the world, preached a sermon in Santa Fe. The plaza seats were full and many stood or sat on the ground. His subject was "Repentance and Justification," and he told in touching manner of his renunciation of Catholicism, how when Superintendent Nicholson left a Bible with him he sat up all night, reading first the book of Genesis, then the New Testament, particularly the book of John, and how when the morning came the Sun of Righteousness was shining brightly in his soul.

Of the various denominations entering New Mexico, the Baptist came first. Samuel Gorman, under appointment of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, went to Santa Fe in 1849, where he built a church and school. Afterward the Presbyterians, who began in 1850, bought this property. For more than a half century thereafter the Baptists did no work in Santa Fe. In August, 1917, the author of this book, in conjunction with State Secretary of Baptist Missions Dr. E. B. Atwood, organized the First Baptist Church of Santa Fe with twenty-two constituent members. Elsewhere in the state, however, the Baptists had already become well established. The first State Convention was held in 1900. A pioneer in the movement to bring the Baptist churches of New Mexico into alignment with the Southern Baptist Convention was Dr. E. P. Alldredge, pastor for a time at Roswell and Clovis. The alignment with the South came in 1912. Rev. C. W. Stumph, state secretary

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

for the Baptists, in 1927 reported the denomination had 175 churches, with 11,469 members, and school and orphanage property aggregating nearly half a million dollars. New Mexico Baptist Orphanage Home is at Portales and the Baptist college is at Montezuma, near Las Vegas.

Almost simultaneously with the Baptists and Presbyterians, in 1850, came the Methodists, who two years after abandoned their mission but later revived their work and today are of about equal strength with the Baptists. The Episcopalians, holding their first service in Santa Fe in 1863, effected their organization in 1874, under the jurisdiction of Bishop William Forbes Adams, of New Orleans.

Persecution oft applied the lash in New Mexico in the beginnings of Protestantism. Rev. F. J. Tolby, missionary to the Mexicans, on September 14, 1875, while returning on horseback from the out-station at Elizabethtown succumbed to shots fired from ambush. The spot is marked by his lonely grave. On Christmas Eve, 1880, a Presbyterian editor and preacher at Socorro was shot and killed near his church door. That same year a Mexican preacher felt the crash of leaden bullets. Drs. T. M. Bishop and E. Barela were stoned. Others endured ostracism, ridicule, blackmail, violence.

Dr. Thomas Harwood, one of the most heroic of the pioneer Protestants, who died at Albuquerque in 1918, in his *History of New Mexico Missions* tells of what might have been the first Sunday school:

Page One Hundred Twenty-three

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

"Mr. Johnson at Cherry Valley in 1869 turned his chickens out in the sage-brush so that the adobe hen-house with its dirt floor might be used, after it had been neatly white-washed and fixed up, for the day-school; and, two days after, for Sunday school and preaching services. Years after this the question arose as to who had the first Sunday school in the territory. I stated the time and the place, and that if nobody else could show that he had a school earlier than we, I should claim that we were first. At any rate, we think we had reason to *crow* as ours was opened in a *hen house!*"

Protestantism in New Mexico, in spite of the overwhelming preponderance of Mexican and Indian population, makes a good showing as to numbers, and its gains have been relatively very significant. Fact is, life changes more slowly in New Mexico than in any other corner of the United States. As stated previously in this volume, in many of the Mexican towns and in the Indian pueblos there is a replica of life as it was seen four hundred years ago.

III

Upon first glance it would appear strange that while the Catholics were quite active in the establishment of missions among the Indians during the Spanish occupancy of the territory, the Protestants who came with the Anglo-Americans made practically no effort to evangelize the Indians. But the explanation is found in the fact that the Indians, who had

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

all but obliterated the Spanish missions, increased steadily in their hostility until their removal after Texas statehood to the Indian Territory. From 1836 onward the Cherokees of east Texas, among whom Sam Houston had come when he fled from Tennessee with dreams of a Southwestern republic, fell into sympathy with the Mexicans who sought to use them as allies in forays against the Texans. There was open warfare with them, and the depredations from the Comanches farther west were even worse. General Edward Burleson, the noted Indian fighter of the period, had the active support of the best known of the earlier Baptist ministers, Rev. Z. N. Morrell, whose book, *Flowers and Fruits, or Forty-six Years in Texas*, abounds in stories of thrilling encounters, horrible massacres and bloody attacks by the Indians.

As buffalo and other game became more scarce, the Indians were tempted to plunder and steal cattle to secure a living. At first the United States kept troops stationed at various points in the West and these rangers were ever in the saddle in their efforts to protect the settlers. For a time the government thought to colonize the Indians and teach them civilized life. Two conspicuous efforts were those in West Texas, one near the present town of Graham, in Young County, and the other on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, about forty miles west. This experiment proved of no avail, however, for the Comanches could not be thus confined, but continually broke away for raids on the white settlements. Finally all the Indians

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

were marched away to their reservations across the Red river.

When the Indians came to reside in their own restricted territory, the missionary impulse among the evangelicals flamed up. One of the earliest and most efficient of the missionaries to the Indians was a Kentuckian, Dr. H. F. Buckner. His brother, Dr. R. C. Buckner, afterwards became a Christian leader of undying memory in Texas as pastor, editor and founder of the Buckner Orphans' Home. Some day perhaps an author who has the time and inclination will search out the records and interview the surviving associates of H. F. Buckner. He will recount the amazing labors among the Indians and give to the world a story of spiritual exploits comparable to the military achievements of Col. T. E. Lawrence who led the Arabs in revolt against the Turks during the World War. The public is grateful for his nephew, Rev. Adoniram Judson Holt, a Texan, the first missionary to the Seminoles and to the wild tribes in the western part of the Indian Territory, who has detailed such adventures and thus afforded a glimpse of what his uncle had encountered and endured in perhaps the most notable mission ever carried to the Indians. Holt's son and daughter were the first white children born in the territory which is now Oklahoma. This iron man, with a compassion akin to that of the Saviour's, actually lived among the savages, sharing their food and suffering hardships which seemed almost incredible. The heroic work which his uncle,

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Dr. H. F. Buckner, had begun among the Creeks under the auspices of the Texas Convention and afterwards under the Domestic and Indian Board of Southern Baptists before Holt was born in 1847, the nephew took up and extended to the most untutored of the tribes, meeting with marvelous success. Think of baptizing in a stream where the ice had been cut, while the congregation stood and sang:

“Jesus ninny wakeechana,
Unue iates,
Jesus ninny wakeechana,
Unue iates—”

which meant, “Jesus has walked this way, and I’ll walk this way, too!”

After almost completely evangelizing the Seminole nation in 1876, Holt yearned after the wild Indians. In his autobiography, *Pioneering in the Southwest*, he pictures graphically the missionary operations among these Indians and describes his first sermon to them.

Government Agent Williams, he declares, seemed delighted to see a white man, for no missionary had ever before come to that country. He had twelve “affiliated bands” of Indians under his supervision: The Wichitas, Wacoes, Tehuacanas, Caddoes, Arapahoes, Kioways, Comanches, Delawares, Apaches, Anadarkoes, Ionies, and Kaechies. The first three named spoke the same language. The others all spoke different tongues and one could not understand the

Page One Hundred Twenty-seven

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

other. The most numerous tribe was the Comanche and that language was the most generally spoken tongue among them.

Soon it was noised abroad that a band of Indians with their white "Father Talker" had arrived, and that among them was the famous John Jumper, perhaps the largest and certainly the most famous Indian in the entire Indian Territory. Rumor proclaimed that they would give a big talk two days later. Holt selected a spot between Sugar Creek and Washita River on a broad, beautiful prairie on which to erect a brush arbor. He had all the help necessary, although the Indians did not know much about building brush arbors. The women gave the best assistance, as they were deft and diligent. Together they erected a rude framework, roofed it over roughly with sticks, and gathered prairie grass and completely covered it. While on top of the frame, an Indian woman on handing Holt a stick slightly wounded his hand so that blood came. She promptly expressed great regret and made much of the incident. Not until afterwards did Holt learn the significance. It seems that if a woman shed the blood of a man, she was reprehensible, while if a man shed the blood of a woman, he was most severely punished, for the blood of a woman is considered a sacred thing, because woman is the mother of the race.

"I ascertained," writes Holt, "that many foolish traditions were in the way of the spread of the gospel. Several years after this, when I tried to get to the
Page One Hundred Twenty-eight

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Kioways to preach, I learned that they 'made medicine' against me, and it happened to rain, and they at once attributed this to their magic power, saying that their 'medicine' was stronger than mine."

When Sunday arrived, the preacher was on the ground early, but not before hundreds of Indians had already assembled. By and by, he saw still others coming from every direction, in great droves. The little brush arbor could hold scarcely fifty, but there were at least a thousand Indians gathered by nine o'clock.

First, John Jumper arose to speak, in the Seminole tongue. Kaechi Joe, who understood Seminole and who could speak Wichita, and Buffalo Good of the Wacoes, by turns translated into Comanche. Five other interpreters, who had their tribes off to themselves, caught the words and translated them into the language of the people around them.

"I am glad to come to see you, my brothers," cried John Jumper. "I have for a long time wanted to come to see you. At last I have come and have brought with me our missionary, who is the Indian's friend. He is our white Father-talker, and he will speak to you today. But before he begins, I want that we shall sing some Seminole songs, and Brother John McIntosh, an Indian Father-talker, will lead us in prayer to the Great Father."

The band of Seminoles sang a hymn. John McIntosh led in prayer. The Seminoles sang another hymn, and then Holt arose to speak. It was about

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

9:30. The Indians were seated on the grass. There was one main interpreter, a Negro, who was at the time official interpreter for the government, who had been captured by the Comanches many years before and who had not forgotten his mother tongue.

The preacher began at the creation of man and went briefly over God's dealing with man as written in Genesis, detailing the flood, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the dispersion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, the Egyptian slavery and the freedom from slavery, the crossing of the Red Sea, the journeying in the wilderness, the entrance into Canaan, the fall of Jericho, the occupation of Canaan, the reigns of David and Solomon, the development of the Messianic thought, the coming of Christ, and then in detail the life, miracles and death of Jesus, his resurrection and ascension, and the gospel of the Kingdom. As may be imagined, all this took quite awhile. In fact, he was all day at it. No pause at noon. The Indians were rapt in their attention. Finally, when he reached the crucifixion, one old Indian brave exclaimed, "Wah!" plainly indignant at the treatment Jesus had received!

"I explained," says Holt, "clearly and simply as I could, the plan of salvation and how it was of universal application. When I had completed my discourse, something moved me to make a proposition. I asked anyone who wanted to walk this way to give me the hand. At once a tall, savage-looking Indian arose and came forward. He was clothed in primeval

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

garments and had paint on his face and feathers in his hair. He looked as, I imagine, looked the Indians whom Columbus found. He grasped my hand and began talking excitedly. His act produced a profound sensation. They came crowding around me. My Negro interpreter became confused as they were constantly asking him this and that, while I was asking him what they said. I cut the confusion short by calling them to prayer. When this was explained to them, to a man, they fell on their faces for prayer. They were so crowded around me that I could scarcely find a place to kneel. Finally, I knelt right beside the man who had presented himself. If ever I prayed, I did then. God needed no interpreter, and I went directly to his throne. Surely the Holy Spirit was with us then. The Seminoles sobbed; I was tearfully in earnest. When we arose, that Indian who had come forward took me in his arms and walked around with me as if I had been a baby. There was great excitement. John Jumper had some words to say and we had another prayer by John McIntosh. We then had another song and the Seminoles came around and gave the new convert the hand of fellowship. Meeting was announced for the following day. We continued the meeting all the next week and many professed faith. On the second Sunday we had a great baptizing in Sugar Creek. I recall the baptism of the following: Black Beaver, chief of the Delawares; Sodiako, chief of the Wichitas; Kin Chess, medicine man of the Wichitas; Tehuacana Dave, chief of the

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Tehuacanas; Kisti, the son of Buffalo Good, chief of the Wacoes, and several others. It was a great meeting and the first one ever held in what was afterwards Oklahoma Territory. That was the first sermon ever delivered to the Wild Indians of these twelve affiliated bands."

Practically all the denominations soon entered zealously upon Christian work among these Indians, and these tribes have to a considerable extent been Christianized, but just as Baptist Roger Williams was the first evangelical missionary to the Indians of the Northeast, so Baptists Buckner and Holt were the first in the Southwest. The Indians in the Southwest, though numbering half of all in America, have steadily dwindled in population until recently. Now there are more than 100,000 in Oklahoma and about 21,000 in New Mexico, all of whom continue to have the interested attention of Christian bodies. The withdrawal of government aid from church schools has impaired the work of some of the weaker denominations, but this action demanded by the separation of Church and State has been hailed with pleasure by all save the Catholics.

IV

The war of the United States and Mexico incident to the annexation of Texas in 1845 was of short duration and had little immediate effect upon Christian work in the Southwest, but the War Between the States, 1861-1865, drawn out through nearly four years

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

at a time so critical in the planting and early nurturing of Christianity in the wilderness, proved a catastrophe from which the churches scarcely survived. All mission activities were practically suspended. The Baptists of Texas, for example, sustained only two missionaries during the period. Their publication, *The Texas Baptist*, established by Rev. George W. Baines at Anderson in 1854, went to the wall. Baylor University at Independence and Waco University, the latter begun when President Rufus C. Burleson and his entire faculty resigned over night at Independence, were among the few schools in the South which kept open during the war period, but they were reduced to a precarious condition. The Texas Methodists, who in 1860 had 410 church buildings as compared to the Baptists' 210, Presbyterians' 72, Christians' 53, Roman Catholics' 33, Episcopalians' 19, in 1866 reported a slump in their numbers from 30,681 at the beginning of the war to 15,519 at the close. Rutgersville College, Chappel Hill Female Academy, McKenzie College, Soule University, all promising Methodist schools prior to the war, were either dead or about to demise. The Methodist paper, started first at Brenham in 1847, afterward moved to Houston and named *The Texas Wesleyan Banner*, later called *The Texas Christian Advocate*, weathered the storm. "In the work of retrieving her heavy losses," writes M. Phelan in the *History of Texas Methodism*, "and in reforming her lines for new conquests it required another quadrennium for Southern Methodism to hit her stride. In

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Texas, where the damage of war was less, and to which state thousands now turned from the older states, to repair their broken fortunes and to start life anew, the church went forward with a steady and rapid growth, and within the next generation the Methodism of Texas was to outstrip that of any other state in the South."

The Domestic Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention in 1865 sent J. B. Link to the Trans-Mississippi Department to aid in the direction of its mission work. He was an educated man of distinct gifts and of seasoned experience. At once he began the publication of the *Texas Baptist Herald*, and for twenty years following his strong efforts proved of great worth to the Baptist cause. With the close of the war, he brought back the full force of Home Board missionaries and these in co-operation with those of the State Mission Board caused the Baptists to grow with amazing rapidity. The Texas Baptist Sunday School and Colportage Convention also came into being, a missionary organization of immeasurable value. The era was marked as one of church founding and westward missionary expansion, made possible by the fine working relations of Southwide and State boards.

The year 1869 witnesses the advent of B. H. Carroll, a youth of twenty-six, who became assistant pastor of the First Baptist Church, Waco, which had been organized by Home Board Missionary N. T. Byars in 1851. The following year Carroll became full pastor, and for twenty-eight years there-

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

after, the tallest giant among Texas Baptists, was recognized as the builder of a powerful church, the champion of all denominational causes, the state's leader in civic reform, and the moulder of Baptist opinion throughout the South. In 1907 he founded the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth, one of the largest institutions for the training of ministers in the world, to which one of his students, Dr. L. R. Scarborough, succeeded as president. Carroll it was who, in an effort to free Baylor University from debt, in 1890 called to his assistance a young man as yet little known and uncolleged, George W. Truett, who was destined to become the most renowned of Baptist preachers. Chiefly through Dr. B. H. Carroll's unwearied efforts amid unnumbered vicissitudes and devious divisions, the sectional conventions were in 1886 finally consolidated into the Baptist General Convention of Texas, Baylor University at Independence and Waco University were merged, and in the 90's the various Baptist colleges were correlated with it in a unified system. In 1927 Texas Baptists owned two universities, one theological seminary and eight colleges, with a total student enrollment exceeding 10,000 and a school property valuation of more than \$10,000,000. In addition, they had six hospitals, valued at more than \$5,000,000; a paper, *The Baptist Standard*, with 21,000 subscribers, Buckner Orphans' Home valued at \$2,500,000 and total assets, not including local church properties, of

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

more than \$18,000,000. They numbered then 468,000, with the Negroes unaccounted for.

Were this a history of Texas Baptists the names of many pastors, missionaries, schoolmen, great laymen such as Col. C. C. Slaughter, F. L. and George W. Carroll, Samuel Palmer Brooks, who wrought significantly, would need to be included, but not even the bare mention of the denomination's great achievements could be made without a reference to the vast influence of Dr. J. B. Gambrell, the valiant Mississippian, religious statesman and generalissimo, who came to Texas in 1898 to serve as Secretary of Missions, and until the day of his death in manifold ways—as secretary, editor, seminary professor, leader in civic righteousness, president of the Southern Baptist Convention—secured the unity, fired the zeal, shaped the policies of Baptists and left a deathless impress upon Texas life and affairs. In contemplating the institutional growth, the movements among the masses of the people and the stirring events in the Baptist annals of the Southwest one is more than ever disposed to agree with Emerson, "There is properly no history—only biography."

"Methodism received a fresh impetus, and I think it is so well established that nothing can move it now," a hint of denominational rivalry on an important mission field. The words are those of Rev. James H. Addison, member of a famous family of Methodist preachers, written to his brother from Waco in 1854 immediately after a revival meeting, from which the

Page One Hundred Thirty-six

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Methodists received sixty-one members and the Baptists took in forty-two. While the Methodists had organized in the village by the Brazos prior to the Baptists and at the time excelled the latter in numbers, it is barely possible that in the zealous rivalry of the time the Baptists were giving the Methodists some anxiety.

But it is generally agreed that for Christian conquest the Methodist itinerant system is hard to beat, and that if the Baptists got to a new community before the Methodists they had to go in on the cow-catcher of the first train. The semi-centennial sermon delivered by Rev. Horace Bishop, D.D., at the fiftieth anniversary of the Central Texas Conference is one of the most interesting human documents extant. It recites the labors of this minister as circuit rider with fourteen appointments in 1867 when there were only two stationed preachers in the conference, Thomas Stanford at Waco, and J. Fred Cox at Waxahachie. His study was the shade of trees, his horse lived on grass, he visited every home in his charges, he often slept on the floor, he proclaimed the gospel to multitudes, he preached frequently to one man only, he lived almost without salary, companioned by a volume of Wesley's sermons, he went down and out among the people. Then he was promoted to Corsicana station, and afterwards Georgetown circuit and Southwestern Methodist University, with Orceneth Fisher, the great pulpit orator, for presiding elder, and assisted by D. H. Snyder, the philanthropist. At

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Round Rock, Salado, and other points he conducted camp meetings that were among the mightiest Texas ever knew. Twenty-four years he spent as presiding elder at Fort Worth, Georgetown, Corsicana, Hillsboro, Waxahachie. Two years he served as mission secretary. He lived to see his brethren establish the Texas Methodist Orphans' Home at Waco, found the great Southern Methodist University at Dallas with assets of \$5,000,000, together with Texas Woman's College at Fort Worth,—to see the Methodists grow in numbers until there were in Texas five conferences and 380,335 communicants.

Of similar chronicles there are many. One of these is *The Story of My Life*, by that inimitable Methodist pastor, editor and civic leader, Dr. George C. Rankin. Another of much merit is *Ten Years in Texas*, by a Baptist comrade of like versatility, Dr. J. B. Gambrell, whose life and labors have been mentioned. Still another is *The Disciples of Christ in Texas*, which is largely the reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers McPherson, a man of kindred spirit in a different group of believers. A small publication, *The Christian Preacher*, was begun by Evangelist C. M. Wilmeth prior to 1860, and is now *The Christian Courier*, a weekly newspaper. Rev. A. J. Bush was the Disciples' first State Secretary of Missions, and he started in 1886. Other secretaries have been B. B. Sanders, J. W. Holsapple, J. C. Mason, Colby Hall, and J. B. Holmes. The Disciples in the 70's founded Ad-Ran College at Thorp Springs, named for two brothers, Addison and Randolph Clark. The

Page One Hundred Thirty-eight

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

college, subsequently moved to Waco, has evolved finally into Texas Christian University, now located in benevolent, hospitable Ft. Worth, one of the best endowed of Texas denominational institutions. The denomination is very liberal in giving, having employed the first stewardship secretary in the entire brotherhood and led all states in per capita giving. A notable benefaction which has come to their university is the Brite College of the Bible, the gift of L. C. Brite, a west Texas cattleman. Another school owned by them is Carr-Burdette College at Sherman. The Disciples were the first to establish a Bible chair at the University of Texas. They have an orphans' home, the Juliette Fowler, near Fort Worth. Of Disciples there were in 1926 in Texas 75,000, and they were increasing more rapidly than Disciples in any other state except California.

No denomination has been more active in home mission work than the various branches of the Presbyterian. As a result of such activity it is reported that one-fourth of all the Protestant Christians among the Mexicans in the United States are Southern Presbyterians. Certain it is that the pioneer Protestant work among the Mexicans was that begun at Brownsville in 1850 by the Baptists under Malinda Rankin, and by Rev. Hiram Chamberlain, a Presbyterian, the only Protestant lamp among the Mexicans for a quarter of a century in all Texas. Austin College at Sherman was named for Stephen F. Austin. The Presbyterian Theological Seminary is situated near the Uni-

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

versity of Texas. The Presbyterian Church U. S. A. has built a worthy institution at Waxahachie, Trinity University, which is the lineal descendant of old Tehuacana College. The total Presbyterian strength in Texas in all bodies in 1927 was in round numbers 100,000.

So onward marched the Christian armies! Winning thrilling victories. While this volume does not attempt to trace the history of the different denominations nor furnish a statistical guide, yet the story of the Christian conquest of the Southwest demands such notice of factors as will afford an adequate view of those who in the main made up the co-operant armies and of their relative strength, their most powerful leaders, their methods and their significance. In order to gain a true perspective of any one section of this spiritual host, as the Baptists, for example, it is desirable to look at it in due relation to the others, to see it in its true proportions. These religious forces, seen warring their good warfare under their cherished captains, present an inspiring spectacle, such perhaps as has never been surpassed in the history of American Christianity. At the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century they had come to almost an unprecedented day of triumph. To one identified with any single group, the militant march of the conquering churches lent great confidence to the belief that in confronting the stupendous problems, needs and oppositions of a great new epoch victory would continue to perch upon the banners of the Lord Christ.

Page One Hundred Forty

BOOK SIX

WHAT OF THE GROUND THAT REMAINS
TO BE TAKEN?

WHAT OF THE GROUND THAT REMAINS TO BE TAKEN?

I

God grant us wisdom these coming days
And eyes unsealed, that we clear visions see
Of that new world that he would have us build,
To life's ennoblement and his high ministry.

God give us sense—God-sense of life's new needs
And souls aflame with new-born chivalries—
To cope with those black growths that foul the ways,
To cleanse our poisoned founts with God-born energies.

Not since Christ died upon his lonely cross
Has time such prospect held of life's new birth:
Not since the world of chaos first was born
Has man so clearly visaged hope of a new earth.

Not of our own might can we hope to rise
Above the ruts and soilures of the past,
But with his help who did the first earth build,
With hearts courageous we may fairer build this last.
—John Ozenham, "*Prayer For The New Era.*"

Of frontiers there are few more left. Perhaps we shall one day cease to think of missions in terms of the frontier. Will all the romance go out of missions then? Will any of our missionaries stir our imagination like Rev. Leander Randon Millican, born in 1853, whose father came out with Austin's Colony? As a young man he entered the ministry in Lampasas County in 1874, being ordained by the father of Dr. P. E. Burroughs, of the Southern Baptist Sunday

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

School Board, Nashville, Tenn., and has followed the westward trend all his life until now an old man he stands on the last line—the uttermost southwestern fringe at El Paso! Brother Lallie, as the old-timers and cowboys affectionately call him, is one of the ultimate reminders of that incomparable band of itinerants who blazed the trails and laid the foundations. Anybody would look twice at him—tall, slender, slightly bent, voice mild as his blue eyes, skin tawny from vagrant winds, tread soft as that of an Indian, sombrero surmounting silvery hair worn long to protect his ears from frost-bite in the wintry winds. Born in the midst of a feud, often among bandits, exposed to every conceivable hazard, he has never carried a gun. But he has kept a sword—the Sword of the Spirit—which he has wielded with a gallantry surpassing that of Richard the Lionhearted.

Away back in the 70's, somewhere in a county known for its sobriety now but infamous for its rendezvous of criminals then, Brother Lallie returned from an engagement to find his horse gone. At once he went alone to the robber's lair and inquired of the leader concerning the missing animal. The leader forthwith made a brief round of the camp, came back and remarked, "Yes, I see your horse is here. I'll have it ready for you in a few minutes."

Years later when Millican turned preacher, one of this gang of outlaws died, and his associates sent for Brother Lallie to conduct the funeral. The man had died in a drunken brawl. The preacher, in his gentle

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

manner, administered comfort to the bereaved family, then amid glowering countenances, but with brave, candid words he warned of stern retribution which follows inexorably upon transgression and sin. After the funeral the leaders of the gang asked for a conference with the preacher. He consented readily. They went together to a live oak tree outside the little town—this one man of peace with the several men of violence.

"Brother Lallie," one of them spoke for all, "you made us feel mighty serious. Of course, what you said is all so. But you see, it was this way with us. We just began to slip, and we kept on slipping in deeper and deeper until we couldn't control our gang, so we ruined our lives. And we've just about ruined those of all our families. We're not afraid any longer of being convicted by the law, for we've been cleared by our pals. What we need now is some way to wipe out the past, have it forgotten and get a new start. Is there any hope?"

He told them that there was, glorious hope—he preached the gospel unto them, and some of them and their children today are among the shining witnesses to the redeeming power of Christ.

Westward he has ever taken his way. First, as missionary in San Saba County. Next, under Secretary O. C. Pope in the then "wild and woolly West," near San Angelo. He assisted in the organization of the church at Abilene, though he was called away on the day it was constituted. Churches from Belton to El Paso

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

have been organized by him, over a distance of nearly seven hundred miles. For years he lived and wrought at Midland. Then the Pecos country beckoned to him. After five years, pushing toward the setting sun, he settled at Allamore, a little village beyond the Davis mountains, where he had headquarters for years. Now he resides at El Paso and continues his missionarying in all that vast territory, an automobile having replaced his faithful pony.

The cowboys have always been the dearest objects of his love. He co-operated with Rev. W. B. Bloys, a Presbyterian frontier missionary, during twenty-six years in maintaining the Skillman Grove camp meeting, sixteen miles west of Fort Davis. He is vice-president now. In 1901 he and Rev. A. S. Bunting started the Madeira Canyon camp meeting, forty-five miles southwest of Pecos. His latest venture is the Paisano Encampment, midway between Alpine and Marfa, at Paisano Pass, 5,000 feet above sea level, 400 miles west of San Antonio and 200 miles east of El Paso. In all these camp meetings Dr. George W. Truett has been a frequent and favorite speaker, but many others of the most distinguished ministers of the nation have made notable these programs.

One would imagine that this picturesque preacher, riding the pastures, eating out of chuck-boxes, sleeping under heaven's canopy, preaching in cow-camps and round-ups, would have many romantic experiences. But the liveliest imagination can hardly approximate the reality. Fancy holding a fifteen-day

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

revival meeting without a song! And yet that is what he did in the Sacramento mountains in New Mexico, while he lived at Midland. Imagine a man living all his life on the Western plains among reputed outlaws, bold and unspeakable, and only being robbed of money once, and that while on a mission to sober Kansas City, where a purse-snatcher grabbed his entire roll! Which furnishes him with a text to discourse illimitably on the honor and nobility and incomparable qualities of the Western frontiersman, the best people on earth. Of occasions when he nearly drowned in head rises in Western creeks; of feathery mesquites for shelter from blistering sun; of long rides in the cruel winds when he suffered frost-bite; of interviews in lonely ranch houses; of canyon walls for audience rooms; of sermons with only the bright stars for reading lamps, and coyotes to sing the doxology, and much else time fails one to write. Only let me tell of a wedding which he solemnized sixty-five miles northwest of Midland. After the long all-day drive in a buck-board, having lost his way en route, he arrived at the ranch around ten o'clock at night. In the small front room of the shack he confronted the couple beside a smoky lantern. The groom was an old bachelor from Pecos. When the preacher put the question to the bride, "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?" she delayed answer for several embarrassing moments, but finally in a high-keyed voice replied, "Yes, sir; by the grace of God!" No doubt

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

she did well to hesitate, but she was not lost, for the marriage afterward seemed made in heaven.

Any Baptist gathering of importance in Texas would be incomplete without L. R. Millican. He belongs to such councils, because experience, keen observation, deathless loyalty to principle and laconic but exceedingly sane speech fit him for them. Almost the last of the Mohicans, he abides among us, loved and trusted as few ministers of the gospel have ever been. When he crosses the Great Divide for the Final Round-up and meets the crowned Rider of the White Horse he will be greeted by the welcoming shouts of a vast multitude of souls whom he has won from wild wanderings and from Christless wastes of the Eternal Lost Land.

But the sight of the itinerant preacher mounted upon a faithful horse riding over the dusty plains bringing news of two worlds is gone forever. The missionary in his automoblie is the nearest approach to the former spectacle. Brother Lallie Millican has just been presented with a fine coupe in which to make his rounds in the El Paso Association, the largest of the Baptist district divisions. True, New Mexico in a sense remains a challenging frontier. And ever and again new settlements are springing up in Texas, as Borger the oil town far out on the plains, which grew from a bare dozen people to 15,000 within a single year. The Lower Rio Grande Valley continues to draw thousands of newcomers, a large proportion of the 200,000 who move to Texas annually. In the

development of Texas' vast mineral resources, particularly in the great open spaces, new populations are likely to call frequently in the future for a repetition of missionary methods of the type employed on a virgin field.

If as many think the population of Texas and New Mexico within the next generation shall grow to 25,000,000, a prophecy based upon the discovery and development of riches beneath the soil and rapid increase in population wherever such is occurring today, then new communities in the Southwest will continue to constitute a mission frontier of clamant appeal to the intelligence, activity and generosity of Christian propagandists. No man can foresee just where these settlements will spring up, for recently they have arisen in the most surprising quarters. Borger, with its crime record of 1927, a record so astounding as to stagger the nation, proclaims loudly the fact that the Christian forces must not only be willing to carry on the work which they have long since initiated but must still be alert to cope with new situations.

II

Of unconquered ground there remains to evangelical Christianity in the Southwest that of many foreigners, but particularly the large Mexican population. Since immigration from Europe and the continents afar has become so restricted on account of the new laws of the United States, the largest influx is from across the Rio Grande. For a long time nearly two million

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Mexicans have resided in the United States, a majority of them in the Southwest. The number reported by the government census is misleading from the fact that those born in the United States are listed as natives, not as foreigners. Now the Mexicans are pouring into this country, far more than are officially tabulated, for the reason that they can so easily cross the boundary line, which is all but imaginary, and none can hinder them.

A new and alarming factor has been introduced into the situation. Since the recent religious disturbance in Mexico thousands of Catholic leaders, priests and nuns have entered, reaching as far north as Oklahoma, west to the Pacific and east to Florida. No one can definitely estimate how many, but some idea can be obtained by looking at conditions in San Antonio, Texas, where after June 1, 1926, within a few months it was reported that at least five hundred and seventy-five priests and nine hundred nuns from Mexico arrived. Two years before there were in San Antonio three Catholic churches besides the schools and other institutions. Quickly came into existence sixteen churches and several new schools, all manned by highly-trained Italian and Spanish priests. Similar conditions prevail from Florida to California. Who that has studied Mexico will contend that the Catholic Church is in a position to do the best by the Mexicans?

The lowly Mexicans have come among us with their large families, their ignorance of sanitary laws, their unmorality, their under-nourishment, their ad-

diction to drugs and drink, their child marriages, their easy subjection to sharks, their distrust, fear and false philosophy of life. Yet undoubtedly they are among the best laborers on earth.

While they have suffered from centuries of illiteracy, they respond well to instruction in our public schools. Segregation is a moot question, some contending that it is better for the Mexican children themselves, also the easiest way to avoid race bitterness and necessary in order to keep dirt, disease and vermin out of the schools attended by our own children; others point out that the right kind of teachers are able to control all these matters. In New Mexico there were no public schools in the territorial days and only a few persons attended schools of any sort. Not until 1891 did the state inaugurate public schools and since then there have continued almost insuperable impediments. In many communities still, Spanish is the only language spoken. At present Protestant missionary agencies are conducting approximately thirty schools in the Southwest, with a total enrollment of nearly 4,000 pupils and a teaching staff of 200, having property valued at more than a million dollars. Among the more prominent of these institutions are Rio Grande Institute at Albuquerque, the Allison-James School at Santa Fe, the Baptist School at El Paso, the Methodist Mexican Institute at San Antonio, the Holding Institute of the Southern Methodist Church at Laredo, and the Presbyterian Tex-Mex Institute at Kingsville, Texas, the latter the gift of the lamented Mrs.

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Henrietta King, owner of the largest ranch in the world. Several of these are semi-industrial in character. "Cut out the Mexicans," writes Dr. C. C. Bragdon, "and you cut out a large factor in our industries. Educate them and you add a sound and useful aid to our country's development, especially here in the Southwest." Yet none of the boarding schools for Mexican youth in the United States offers college training.

The Roman Catholic Church, very slow to recognize the importance of education for Mexicans, emulating the good example of the evangelicals, is now doing some really praiseworthy educational work, though there is still much force in the objection of a Mexican parent: "They just teach *misas y un catecismo* (masses and catechism). We want them to teach *casas practicas oj un oficio* (practical things and a trade)."

Naturally many of the Mexicans are full of prejudice. "*Esos Protestantes*" (Ah, those Protestants)! They have long been used to another religion. Their religious teachers instil prejudice, yet so terrible have been the religious abuses that probably seventy-five per cent of the Mexican men do not believe in the religion in which they have been reared. Here in the United States they can be won to religion.

A little Mexican Baptist mission at Waco with which the author has been in touch for a decade furnishes striking proof of what can be done through evangelical agencies. This mission was organized in

the basement of the First Church some twenty years ago by Dr. A. J. Barton, then pastor, later Commission Secretary of Southern Baptists at Nashville, Tennessee. Upon the abolition of Waco's restricted vice quarter, North Second Street, once the notorious center of vilest wickedness, became the home of the Mexicana Bautista Iglesia, for when the inmates of the houses of ill fame moved out the Mexicans moved in. Forthwith one of the largest of "the houses" was purchased by the Home Mission Board for the church. Here the Mission has remained, cleansing the district and attracting as neighbors a Presbyterian Mission and a very elaborate Catholic Church and school. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle."

During all the years of its history this little mission, four hundred miles from the border, near the center of the state whither Mexicans have only lately begun to drift in large numbers, counts evangelism its greatest means of victory. During this period its pastors have baptized nearly seven hundred converts, chiefly adults. Yet when the church registered the highest enrollment of its history there were only one hundred and twenty members. But the transient members have gone on to other communities to help establish new mission churches. Only a little while ago I went as the state member of the Southern Baptist Home Board on an extensive trip to several adjoining counties to assist in setting up churches, where

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

former workers in the Waco Mexican Church became constituent members.

These Mexican Christians, breaking away from Catholicism, are intensely missionary. I have attended two of their State Conventions, one at Laredo and another at Austin, and in no convention of American Christians have I witnessed as great missionary ardor. Here is a single example of it:

A short time ago at the invitation of President Paul Bell of the Bible Institute at Bastrop, Texas, the Mexican Baptist pastors assembled there for a week of study and conference. Due to the financial stringency with the Baptist Home Mission Board, Dr. C. D. Daniel, the superintendent of Mexican Baptist Missions in Texas had been withdrawn. The Mexicans earnestly protested. They were informed that the budget for the year in this department had been consumed and that Superintendent J. W. Beagle was powerless to go beyond this financial limit. While he realized the valuable service Dr. Daniel had rendered and offered at the time, yet he could not encourage further action. A number of the Mexicans replied, "We will help, for we must have Dr. Daniel with us. He won us to Christ, and he has been a father to us in the ministry." One of the workers ventured, "Take \$50.00 per month out of my salary"; another proposed, "Take \$10.00 out of my salary"; others said, "Take five dollars per month out of my salary and apply it to the salary of Dr. Daniel." Thus \$150.00 a month was provided for Brother

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Daniel's salary by these workers, many of them receiving only fifty dollars a month, thereby tithing the same to the Atlanta office of the Home Misison Board.

One Mexican worker who was not at the Bastrop Institute wrote a letter and here is what he promised: "I want you to take five dollars out of my salary each month and apply it on Dr. Daniel's. I was not at your meeting, but I want to share my part in this noble work."

In the committee meeting one brother asked: "You are not going to recommend taking the money from the salary of these Mexican workers, are you?" Another responded, "Yes, these Mexican workers have set the example." If the American pastors and members should meet their challenge, there would be no debt on the Home Mission Board within a few months.

The Waco mission though it has had Mexican pastors, now is presided over by Rev. and Mrs. A. N. Porter, a cultured couple, formerly at the head of the American Baptist College in Alamogordo, New Mexico. Mrs. Porter conducts a kindergarten and is proud of the fact that she has been able to promote twelve of her pupils recently to the public schools, for she regards the public school as a powerful ally in the redemption of the Mexicans. This in striking contrast with the Catholic mission hard by which is striving to take all the Mexican children out of the Waco Public Schools and corral them in the parochial school. Mrs. Porter also carried on a cooking class and a serving class in which she is assisted by young

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

ladies from Baylor University. On Thursday evenings Mr. Porter, aided by teachers from the public schools, conducts free classes in English, not only for the children but for grownups, some of whom are old vancement of the pupils. Baylor girls from the Sunmen, the classes being graded according to the ad-day school of the First Baptist Church too have song fests appointed for regular times. Probably few American churches with a membership of 120 maintain a regular attendance at mid-week prayer meeting above fifty, yet that is what this little Mexican church does and this notwithstanding many of the members live miles in the country, have no automobiles to transport them, but are not deterred by rain or cold.

Sunday is a crowded day. At 9:30 in the morning comes Bible School which lasts until 12 noon. At 3 o'clock comes the Sunbeam Band, thirty strong; at 4 the B.Y.P.U., twenty-four young people, and at night the preaching service, which is always evangelistic. A favorite preacher at these evangelistic services is Dr. Felix Buldain, Professor of Spanish in Baylor University, who was a Catholic priest in Mexico for fourteen years. One who became a Baptist under his preaching was Rev. M. Garcia of San Antonio, formerly a Consul of the Mexican government, who left the Catholic faith for a freer religion.

Some years ago in El Paso a wealthy Mexican from Chihuahua said to me: "Your Christian Mission Schools along the border of Texas are doing more to bring about good will between Mexico and the United

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

States than any other one thing. They have unmeasured possibilities. Keep them going." No doubt the ultimate solution of the Mexican international problem is one for Christian intelligence rather than politics or force.

The Mexicans have established themselves in the economic life of the Southwest. They are crossing the border in ever increasing numbers, welcomed by industries which have become dependent upon their labor. They will remain an integral part of our citizenship, helping to elect our officers of State, influencing our moral, political and religious ideals and practices. Our future is so bound up with theirs that we cannot refuse to think of them, cultivate them, work with them and together strive for the worth while things in civilization. Will the churches default with this responsibility?

III

Of even greater concern than the frontier or the Mexicans is the unconquered field of the open country. Instead of being the stronghold of Christianity, as it once was, it has all but eluded the grasp of the churches. Formerly the source of ministers, missionaries, philanthropists, outstanding public servants, its products today are disappointing. At one time the scene of mighty revivals, the victory-ground of evangelism, today it offers no such thrilling conquests. Country church after country church is dead or dying. Two illustrations will suffice.

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Eight miles out from the author's city is an old weatherbeaten, rectangular church building long dis-used save for the annual home-coming of former worshipers. Founded in 1876 by Rev. Thomas Stanford, it made an amazing contribution to Southern Methodism. At the last reunion the sermon was preached by Rev. S. A. Barnes, pastor of Laurel Heights Church, Wichita Falls, who was converted and licensed to preach there thirty years ago. Among those present who came out of this noble chapel were Rev. P. T. Stanford, pastor First Methodist Church, Mart; President Rosemond Stanford of Westmoreland College, San Antonio; Miss Sue Stanford, missionary to Soochow, China; Rev. J. M. Barcus, presiding elder, Corsicana district; Dr. J. Sam Barcus, president Southwestern University, Georgetown; Rev. Thomas Barcus, pastor First Methodist Church, Hillsboro; Mrs. Julia Barcus Cox, missionary to Monterey, Mexico; Judge George W. Barcus of the Tenth Texas Court of Criminal Appeals; and a number of other distinguished churchmen and cherished leaders in the Methodist communion. The audience room of that church once rang with the voices of bishops, educators of renown, with the amens of local preachers and the shouts of new-born souls. It is silent now except when the widely scattered families return to renew their love feasts.

The other example of the country's decay is furnished in a sad story just published in the *Baptist Standard*. It is about the disbanding of Prairie View

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Church, formerly Plum Grove, near Lockhart, the grand old church in which Rev. Z. N. Morrell, most revered of the early Baptist heroes, held membership until the day of his death. It was also the church of which Rev. J. M. Gaddy, one of the most useful ministers Texas Baptists ever knew, began his marvelous career as a preacher. It stood in the black lands. While the land was held by thrifty owners of small farms, the church prospered and its light shone far out. But since the world war the land has all been concentrated in titles vested in distant corporations. Mexican laborers have replaced white men. The membership having reached the vanishing point, the few who were left met and deeded the property to a mission board for a chapel to be used by the Mexicans.

Since most of the black land belt of Texas is under mortgage to northern and eastern loan companies, and many of the farms are being foreclosed, one raises the question if the time is not near at hand when this land will be farmed under overseers with Negro or Mexican labor or with white people who are too poor to afford cars or permit their women folk to wear silk stockings. Will this mean the creation of a peasant class? If so what will be the religion of this peasant class?

The question is not preposterous. There is a continuous exodus from the farm. The consolidation of country churches, good roads and automobiles have not saved religion in the country. The outlook for

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

rural religion in the Southwest is depressing. The loss is not simply to the country. One of the most noticeable effects is a decrease in candidates for the ministry. As long as such denominations as the Baptists and Methodists were strong in the country, there was no plaint from them in the Southwest over a diminution in ministerial supply, but it is significant that their latest reports indicate a distressing falling off in the number of those entering the gospel ministry. Can city churches produce ministers? Experience shows they have not, and if they do not in the future, woe betide the denominations. The author does not now wish to develop suggestions as to methods to be employed in solving the problem of the country church. Let the experts devise. Here the lost ground of the churches is pointed out and a call sounded for advance. The denomination must awake to its responsibility. The editor of *Farm and Ranch* recently invited me to write seven articles on the country church. If a great farm paper is ready to promote the country church, why not the denominational paper? The agricultural colleges are supplying courses on the country church—why not our theological seminaries? Organizations for country welfare are giving attention to the county church—why does not the religious denomination give more diligent study and lend more substantial aid to its struggling bands in the country?

IV

Meantime a vast new field is emerging into view. It is that of industry. In the opening chapter we called attention to the measureless stores of raw materials in the Southwest. The coming of industry's day was inevitable. Elsewhere in the South that day dawned earlier. Cotton manufacturing in particular has been the South's own peculiar advantage, and in view of cheap labor we are not surprised that in two years Northern capital invested \$100,000,000 in 1,000,000 Southern spindles. The plight of the cotton grower is insolvable except through industrialism. Others have shown how extension agencies, government bureaus, valorization, co-operative selling and rural credits are all limited by the incurable individualism of the farmer. The South approaches a release from lop-sided development.

The press, voicing the cry of the people, is clamoring for it. A mighty newspaper such as the *Dallas News*, which has pleaded through a generation for diversification, intensification and improvement in quality of crop production now leads the procession in the demand for industrialization. Its front page editorials are giving a great impetus to the manufacturing impulse. From its data and arguments one might summarize the situation as follows:

The desire to mix manufacturing with farming in this State is of long standing. But the earlier community movements in behalf of manufacturing in the State often had as an objective the laying of a basis

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

for the sale of town lots, for a town boom. And quite naturally so. From the time it came under Anglo-Saxon dominion and for many years thereafter Texas was long on land and short of money. Most of its people expected to gain wealth by advance in the price of lands, an unsound and inadequate basis for industrial development.

In many of the communities where factories were established in order to promote activity in real estate operations, profits were made on the lots, but the factories proved failures. The successful manufacturing establishments of this State were founded with a view to deriving profits from the manufacturing business.

Also, in these earlier community efforts to obtain manufacturing plants, foreign capital was relied upon to finance the enterprises, the communities paying bonuses. The enterprises that succeeded, however, generally were financed in whole or in part by home folk, who, expecting to reap direct benefits from their investments, sat in with the investors from the outside.

In these earlier promotions two inducements were offered: The presence of raw materials in abundance and the opportunity to save freight charges both ways by fabricating such materials in Texas for consumption within the State.

But there were skeptics in those days. They said, first, that Texas was too prosperous agriculturally to think of manufacturing; second, that Texas could provide labor for manufacturing only by importation;

and third, that there was no considerable waterpower within the state.

In the years that have elapsed since the optimists and the pessimists sang their songs, a great deal of water has gone over the wheel, and, with the celebrated whirligig of time, a very different set of facts now is presented.

Texans today have more money than ever before. Their passion for speculating in land has appreciably subsided. They have become investment-minded, and, when they invite foreign capital to come in, they are more willing than formerly to sit in with it.

The list of known raw materials in abundant supply has greatly lengthened.

The argument about the freight rates still holds good, and with added emphasis, for the rates are higher than formerly. This factor, however, is now overshadowed by other inducements.

The two main factors that now stand as inducements to manufacturing development in Texas are comparatively new.

The first of these is that Texas now has abundant power at low prices. It hasn't much waterpower, but it has something just as good or better. It has great producing fields of oil, gas and lignite, from which the energy is converted and distributed over the territory of densest population by the superpower systems. Industries draw from their lines at will, when and as power is needed by them. And the rates are

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

as low or lower than those charged by the hydro-electric companies of New England and the Southeast.

The second chief favoring factor is the presence in Texas of a desirable labor supply—chiefly Mexicans.

And there is a third factor of considerable importance: The State of Texas is not heavily burdened with debt; the bonded indebtedness of the State Government is only \$4,002,200; this is of long standing, and would have been paid long ago but for reluctance to deprive State school funds of the investment.

Point is given to these inducements by reason of the sentiment that has arisen among investors in manufacturing enterprises in favor of decentralizing industry. They have a feeling that there is a limit beyond which such centralization is undesirable, unprofitable and hazardous, and that it is better to distribute industry.

This belief seems to have grown out of two things: (1) Restriction upon immigration has greatly reduced the number of alien recruits for industry, wherefore native American labor is receiving more attention; and (2) observation of the example set in the Carolinas, Georgia and some other States, where industries are operated by native American laborers, who live in houses on the ground, with yards and gardens, and without being withdrawn from their native environment. Based upon these two things, the idea has arisen that industries should be taken to the labor supplies.

The time has arrived for Texans to realize largely upon their long-cherished ambition to make this a State of extensive manufacturing, a State of diversified industry, a State stable in business, in agriculture and otherwise. . . .

Many thoughtful persons have reached the conclusion that the case of the farmers would be worse than it is but for the fact that migration from farms to towns and cities has been large. The reason for such migration is plain. There were not enough jobs on the farms, and there were jobs in the towns where manufacturing industries had been established. The persistence of the first named condition sustains the urge to move, and there will be further migration if manufacturing and allied industries can absorb more of the surplus farm labor. And it seems that it can absorb more of it, as this country continues to progress in manufacturing.

The arguments are unanswerable. Shortly the churches will face the new task of supplying the religious needs of multiplied thousands of mill workers, and laborers in other industrial concerns. Will the churches be ready? Have they suitable technique and above all have they adequate motive for mastering the new field? Florida and California have had their eras of sudden and extraordinary development. In the opinion of the keenest observers throughout the nation the next great boom is that scheduled for the Southwest. With its unsurpassed climate, its unequalled crops, its cheap laborers, its vast and inex-

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

haustible raw materials, it will assume an undreamed of significance in the economic world. Its most meaningful advance will not be in crops in which it already leads all the States, but in manufacturing and industry of every kind. It has more railroads than any other State, so many more that even its great size does not diminish the weight of its superiority in this regard, and its ports are second only to New York in respect to exporting. Will the churches retreat from this new phase of missions? Will they cope with the new conditions? This question for the churches right now arises above all others.

V

What of resources for meeting the spiritual challenge? Upon what agencies shall the Southwest rely? To answer the question is to enumerate the institutions implied in the gospel of Christ and developed in Christian conquest. They are the preaching of the gospel by missionaries and pastors, the dissemination of it by means of the printed page, the expression of it in a program of healing as carried out in Christian hospitals, and the nurture and training of spiritual men and women in all the departments of Christian education such as Bible schools, young people's societies, women's societies, brotherhoods, and Christian colleges.

The Southwest and the schools! Shall it not rely largely upon the schools? Keeping pace with the enormous economic expansion is the educational

change going on in the section. A little while ago and the University of Texas was besieging the Legislature for even a pittance of appropriation, conducting its classes in shacks, and keenly sensitive to the reproach of inadequate equipment for the students who were crowding in upon it. But suddenly, on some of the extensive lands owned by the University thought to be almost worthless, oil wells began to flow, which have poured millions into the treasury of the University. Coincident with this discovery have been bequests reaching into millions by patriotic Texans. It now appears that the University of Texas bids fair to become the richest university in the world. Fifty-seven and one-half per cent of every state taxed dollar in Texas is devoted to education; junior colleges are springing up in almost every important center. If only the denominational schools were keeping up! Texas Technological College, away out on the plains, is asking for six million dollars for increased equipment, a sum equal to the total amount being sought by the Baptists of Texas in their Conquest Campaign for Baylor University, Southwestern Seminary, eight colleges, six hospitals, the State Mission Board, and Texas' share in the debt on the Southwide Boards.

Former Governor Neff reminds us that university men laid the foundation of the Texas Republic. It is a fact that a larger per cent of college trained men signed the Declaration of Texas' Independence than ever signed any similar document in the history of

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*



View of Baylor University Through Entrance to S. P. Brooks Hall

the world. They had the vision of educated men. They charged it as a just cause for revolution against Mexico that it had founded no system of education for the people. Among the first acts of the signers of the Constitution of the Republic of Texas was to direct Congress to provide for a general system of education including a University.

The history of denominational schools is even more thrilling. Baylor University, the oldest and largest and symbol of them all, was founded as if by inspired faith and has been carried forward with unsurpassed devotion. John Knott, noted cartoonist, a while ago represented Baylor and Texas as two stalwart men standing above the legend, "They grew up together." In truth Baylor University, on whose board of trustees President Sam Houston of the Texas Republic served, has furnished Texas with governors, supreme judges, congressmen, presidents of its State University, A. & M. College, one out of nine of all its high school teachers, its most celebrated editors and authors, ministers, and leaders in every important realm of activity. One out of every nine missionaries employed by the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board came from Baylor University. With a showing such as this, surely the schools may be reckoned as a measureless resource in the spiritual task!!

It was the conviction that Christian schools constitute the main reliance for spiritual conquest that induced the little struggling band of Baptists in New Mexico to establish Montezuma College. There with

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

the complicated problems of Spanish-American population, with many communities which do not speak English, with Indian tribes as yet untouched by the gospel, with widely scattered churches often unshepherded, it was felt that such a school for the creation of Christian leaders was indispensable. The effort to carry on the school has been a spectacle stirring enough to entrance all seekers after the dramatic in human effort. The pity is that this school, like so many Christian schools in Texas, may yet die from lack of financial support.

The greatest single resource for the Christianization of this or any other country is the local church. The Southwest is not lagging behind in the number and strength of its churches. Some of them have achieved a world-wide reputation for their size and benefactions. But there are multiplied thousands of homeless churches, churches with inadequate buildings, churches too weak to support pastors, churches in the country that are dying from inattention, churches in the cities hopelessly wrestling with problems too difficult for them to solve alone, churches in oil districts calling for help, and hundreds of communities where churches should be. Remove the aid of State and Southwide Mission Boards and the churches in their local strength, or weakness, would fall far short of their present excellent results. Destroy these boards and Christianity particularly in the Southwest would be dealt a staggering blow, for many of the churches of the section have not yet

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

learned to walk alone, much less supply the spiritual demands of the region beyond or of those round about.

Listen to this voice from New Mexico: "Churches in this state are not maintained from generation to generation by members of the same families in the lead; but with many of our churches the entire leadership changes over a period of a very few months. Yet through missionary aid the churches of New Mexico, according to the 1926 statistics, led all the States of the Southern Baptist Convention, with one baptism for every 11.6 members. Without any outside help we are keeping a hospital, which is self-sustaining. We also maintain an orphanage. We publish our own religious paper. But we must have help to continue our educational program. Through the aid of the Sunday School Board and the Home Mission Board we are sustaining State secretaries, Sunday School, B.Y.P.U., and W.M.U., a Negro worker, two full-time Mexican missionaries, and a number of missionary pastors, though a number of churches are pastorless because these churches are not able to pay salaries. In addition to this co-operative work, the Home Board independently maintains two full time Mexican pastors, supplements others, and sends a missionary to thousands of Indians in the State. Adjoining our work among the Mexicans and Indians in Albuquerque, the Presbyterians and Methodists, through their mission boards, are operating academies with great success in their efforts. These denominations have also erected splendid houses of worship

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

for the Mexicans and Indians. Though our Indian missionary has no place to call the Indians together, other denominations, including Catholics, are providing hospitals, schools and church buildings for their workers and are therefore gaining these peoples in large numbers."

VI

Texas has long been called a trophy of the Home Mission Boards. But there are some who argue that there is no further need for Home Board aid in Texas. The answer is, come and see! Here are the Mexicans crowding into the State, the aliens from across the seas, the longest line of soldiers quartered anywhere in the United States, the humming industrial centers, the vast stretches of farm lands with the acute problems of dying country churches, the challenge of a number of America's most rapidly growing cities, the urgent demand for supporting adequately institutions absolutely essential to the Christianization of the State, and other objects of missionary consideration so important that there is not space to describe them!

It is true that in the Southwest there is vast wealth. Where a few years ago there was scarcely a millionaire, there are many today. That fact constitutes one of the most serious aspects of the spiritual problem now—the menace of prosperity. Worldliness threatens to strangle spirituality to death. With the growth of wealth have come oftentimes a decline in evangelism, an increase in formalism, a lapse in ethical conduct,

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

a weakening of worship, a violation of the Sabbath, the flourishing of iniquities, and departures from saving faith. Wealth has made more acute the religious problem. It must be frankly confessed that with all the matchless resources of Texas, material and spiritual, its churches, if aroused to their utmost, could not satisfactorily cope with the requirements of the situation. Statistics might be massed here in colossal columns with which to impress those who form their judgments from figures, but statistics would be old and out of date even before the swift publication of this little volume. It is possible that the eyes of the nation will be so steadfastly fixed upon the Southwest now for years to come that the statements proclaimed here will need no buttressing of figures. For nearly a hundred years evangelical Christianity has regarded this section as its supreme homeland call. It is still that. Must not the Southwest, therefore, yet have the intelligent sympathy and unfailing co-operation of fellow Christians of other states? The conservation of large investments made by them here in the past, the completion of a vital task which they have jointly undertaken here in the present, and the successful capture of this strategic section which must make for the weal of America and the progress of world missions undoubtedly call for a strong, continued reinforcement of Christian workers in Texas just as in New Mexico. "Can you catch the romance of the East linking with the West today to make America Christian?"

EPILOGUE

It is Sunday afternoon in old San Antonio. I am sitting in a vast expectant throng that has crowded eagerly into the municipal auditorium. The massive building created by the deft skill of architect and artist seems as if ordered especially for this occasion. The great organ peals forth its anthem of divine praise, and in the hush that follows its climacteric strain George W. Truett, golden mouthed herald of the Cross, rises to proclaim: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. . . ."

No one in all this reverent congregation appears to be ashamed. Ashamed of what? Not of being numbered in this assembly of the Southwest's most representative citizens, men and women of every creed and party, who would express their recognition of the place which Christianity has in the life of the people. Assuredly no one is ashamed of the peerless preacher who symbolizes the high character and service produced by the Christian religion. Nor does it appear that any one is ashamed of evangelical religion, least of all the dominant denomination whose messengers have come up to this epochal convention. Ashamed of the immortal Creath who founded the First Baptist Church of San Antonio? Ashamed of C. C. Slaughter, the lamented ranchman who twenty-five years ago gave the sum of money which saved the excellent correlated schools of the Baptists?

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Ashamed of H. L. Kokernot, that other modest ranchman who here in his own home city now steps forth at the call of his brethren to lead in the six-million dollar Conquest Campaign? Ashamed of J. M. Carroll, grizzled with age, whose benign face softens the beholder's heart with tender memories of his mighty brother? Ashamed of Texas? Ashamed of New Mexico—of Lew Wallace or of B. F. Pankey or of Thomas Harwood or of the long column of living missionaries who bear in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus? Ashamed of Jesse Mercer and the zeal of his wife who gave their money that the East might help to win the West? Ashamed of what God has wrought through his servants in the wide Southwest? Ashamed of the Alamo? Ashamed of the Methodist Travis, of Presbyterian Austin, of Baptist Houston—of San Jacinto or of what came after? Ashamed of the Christ who through the toils of every night time of the past has stood within the shadows keeping watch above his own? Ashamed? No, never, never forever!

"The human race did not and could not produce Christ," I hear the preacher assert with thrilling confidence. "A skeptic once asked a missionary, 'Could you believe that a simple virgin could have brought forth a son that was divine?' Swift as thought the missionary replied, 'I would since that son was Jesus!'" Sitting there under the spell of the matchless argument for the power that is above the world, I remember the apostrophe of Ernest Renan to Jesus

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

Christ: "Rest now in thy glory, noble founder, thy divinity is established. At the cost of a few hours of suffering, which have not even tinged thy great soul, thou hast purchased the most complete immortality. During thousands of years the world will extol thee. . . . A thousand times more living, a thousand times more loved, since thy death than during the days of thy pilgrimage here below, thou wilt become so completely the cornerstone of humanity that to tear thy name from this world would shake it to its foundations. Complete vanquisher of death, take possession of thy kingdom, whither shall follow thee, by the royal road thou hast traced, ages of adorers."

I am seized with an impulse to be alone. Would these multitudes leave the place silent, in rapt meditation? Or would they profane it with babble? I will take no risk—I steal out through the nearby exit to ramble onward through the Sabbath streets alone. Christ the power! The power! The transforming power and the conserving power! Power over death! Power of eternal life! Vitality more abundant, overflowing the shores of the little sea of Galilee, overspreading the shores of the wider Mediterranean, at length the still wider shores of the Atlantic and Pacific—the words of that Life shall wash the sands of the Mexic sea and the shores of every sea till it covers the earth!

Here at the Alamo I pause. . . . Can that be blood on the cobble stones? The blood of martyrs does not soon dry! I look again and I seem to see that those

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

crimson drops have become as seed from which have sprung up myriad armies with cross-emblazoned banners, marching in triumph through the streets of the old city out upon the highways of time.

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Page One Hundred Seventy-eight

*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

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*The Spiritual Conquest
of the Southwest*

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